The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Rev J C Bucher L M M

THE MESSENGER.

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Editor-in-Chief.

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

WHAT THEN.

What then? Why, then, another pilgrim song,
And then a hush of rest divinely granted,
And then a thirsting stage, ah me, so long,
And then a brook—just where it is most wanted.

What then? the pitching of the evening tent;
And then perchance a pillow, rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;
A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching;
And then a little water cruse to find
Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire,
I know there will be tears and fears and sorrow;
And then a loving Saviour drawing nigher,
And saying, "I will answer for to-morrow."

What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes His loving-kindness;
For darkest cloud the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley lone and dim;
And then a deep and darkly rolling river,
And then a flood of life, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile forever and forever.

—*Louisville Christian Observer.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

Late Meetings of the Boards at Lancaster.

These meetings of two prominent Boards of the Church were well attended and much interest was manifested. The stringency of the times seemed to have cast some gloom over the minds of the members, but when they got together, they seemed to have caught something of the spirit of prophecy, and left with the feeling uppermost that more strenuous efforts should be made in behalf of Missions during the coming year. It is a matter of necessity. The Church is solemnly challenged to go forward in the work she has undertaken. There is no other alternative left but to ignore the Divine commandment to spread the Gospel and to see that it is preached to the poor. We hope for good fruit as the result of these meetings.

The Foreign Field.

The prospects now are, that at no distant day the services of one or more of our young men, enjoying the confidence of the Church, will be secured to go to Japan. One of more advanced years, qualified for the work, was making up his mind to go, but his physician interdicted him. In addition to this field, the attention of the Board was directed to India, and efforts will be made to ascertain whether Rev. Lohr's mission cannot be transferred to the Reformed Church. It were better if it were. We understand that there are some prospects that it may be. The Reformed Church could sustain a mission both in India, and Japan, and in China also. She will no doubt do so, but she must have the opportunity afforded her. Much prayer ought to be offered up that she may be permitted to engage in this work. There is, we think, no need of argument to show that she should. It is simply a duty to the Divine command. It is also a privilege, to which we may attain, if we be found faithful.

Past Success.

As a Church we have not as yet been able to carry forward the work of Missions on as large a scale as some other religious bodies; but, with the means at our disposal, we have been much more successful than we sometimes suppose. In fact, we doubt whether any denomination in the country has done more, in proportion to the money that has come into our treasury, in the home field. Time would fail us to mention all the instances in which our meagre efforts have resulted in what might be called brilliant successes. We will mention only a few which recur to our mind. Over thirty years ago, Rev. Henry Kroh started a small German missionary interest in Cincinnati under many discouragements, which required much self-denial. It was advanced under the pastoral care of Dr. E. V. Gerhart, who was sent out as missionary by our Eastern Board, and in a few years afterwards became self-supporting under Dr. H. Rust. It has flourished and become the mother of other evangelical congregations in a large city where the German population was given over almost entirely to foreign rationalism. Some twenty years ago, the attention of the Church was directed to Pittsburgh as a missionary field, and Dr. G. B. Russell was commissioned to take charge of that interest. It was considered at that time, when the Board was scarcely able to support the missionaries already in the service, as a serious undertaking. It involved a heavy outlay of money at first, but in a few years a fine church was put up and the *mission became self-sustaining; and since then, it has paid back into the church treasuries much more than it had ever received.* With the success of this mission, the Church in Western Pennsylvania awakened into new life. Five Classes grew out of one, and a new Synod was organized, which has been eminently a missionary Synod all along. We do not claim that all this progress took its start in a single mission; but we think that no one acquainted with the facts in the case will deny that one live missionary, the active man who founded Grace church at Pittsburgh, had much to do in building up the kingdom of Christ in that section of the State. The church at Altoona, now self-supporting, active in all our benevolent operations and paying back in more than compound interest for all that it received in its time of need, is another illustration. It numbers now over three hundred members, and its beautiful church may be seen by the traveler in the cars as he passes through the town. That pioneer missionary, Rev. Cyrus Cort, now missionating on the plains of Iowa, commenced this enterprize and left it for other fields of activity, when it became strong enough to provide for itself. We might speak of other points, where a little help at first has been greatly blessed in the establishment of new churches and congregations, where they never would have come to exist independently, if they had not been assisted when they were dependent, of Columbia, Lancaster, Harrisburg, Reading, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Kittanning and elsewhere. They speak for themselves.

Lock Haven Mission.

Of course our missions have not all been equally successful. Some have been failures, so far as we know. So it is in all churches, and apparently in all our movements to do good. A few years ago the mission at Lock Haven made a favorable start under Rev. J. W. Pontious, when he was compelled to leave his post on account of failing health. Under his successor, it suffered from the stringency of the times and from internal divisions. After he left it was without a pastor for nearly six months. The flock was scattered and the Sunday-school disbanded. Fortunately in October last, it secured the services of Rev. Isaac S. Stahr, and it has again rallied. The Sunday-school has been reorganized and gaining strength. The divisions are passing away and confidence in the enterprize returning. A German congregation in the country has been added to the charge. Thus the dark clouds overhanging this mission are passing away and the prospects of its final success becoming brighter. The Church may expect much from the industry and faithfulness of the young brother just from the Seminary, who has selected a mission as his first field of labor.

January Collections.

The President of the Board at York has shown a good example by anticipating the special collections in January and taking up two collections on Christmas day for immediate relief. On the last Sunday in the year, the Superintendent preached on the subject of Missions in the Moden Creek congregation in Lancaster Co., at the request of its pastor, Rev. S. Sweitzer. The collection was regarded as a liberal one under all circumstances. Many of the members were prevented from being present on account of the unfavorable weather, and this field, until quite recently, suffered much from the bad spirit of independency. Now the congregation seems to be clothed and in its right mind. We are glad that it is under a good church government and willing to do something for Missions. The churches in Berks Co., we understand, intend to do something for the relief of the missionaries. Let every congregation in the three Synods have an opportunity to assist in this good work, even if it is not more than an ordinary penny collection. The Superintendent will visit as many churches as time will permit, but these will be only a few out of the eight hundred congregations in the three Synods, which have been challenged by the missionary circular. If one-fourth of them would respond favorably and forward on an average, ten dollars for relief, it would be truly refreshing in these gloomy times. We hope that the number may be larger.

For The Messenger.

WHY GO SO FAR?

Owing to the evils of the times, [illegible] Reformed people of Pennsylvania, with others, are thinking of emigratin to more thinly settled sections of the county. Our people are generally farmers and mchanics, and their wish is to go where thy find a demand for these classes of person. From long time habit their first though, in connection with emigration, is to go West; and of late the West has come to man more particularly the States of Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Texas. They have some friends or acquaintances out there alreay; land agents hold out tempting offers; and the leading railroad companies place advertisements of routes and prospects before all eyes.

There are many serious difficulties in the way of families, contemplating a removal of from one to two thousand miles, such as locating in these Western States involves. It means a large expense, settlement in a new, raw country, very mixed social and religious surroundings, possible unsuitability of climate, and almost certain separation for life from friends, kindred and acquaintances left behind. These are serious matters, and many a sad thoughtful hour is spent before the risks they carry with them are undertaken.

And is there no more desirable way of reaching the end these people have in view? Can they not buy cheap land, of good quality, much nearer home, with less expense of removal, location in a long settled country, near the great markets, amid an established society, and within easy reach, in case of sickness or for any other purpose, of their relatives and friends? And, add to these things, the ready ability to continue their church relations as they have been accustomed to them from their youth up?

The opportunity is at their door. Bordering on Pennsylvania lie the States of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, with tens of thousands of acres of inviting land, now in the market for sale, and offered cheap; cheap, as any Pennsylvania farmer will say who takes a look at it. Some of our people are now purchasing farms in the Valley of Virginia, up the Shenandoah, and at its sources, all along which they find Reformed churches and ministers. Others are locating in Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland; and there they can also readily come to enjoy the means of grace in their own Church. Virginia, in the section we have named, is a rich limestone, grain country. Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Maryland are the paradise of fruit growers, though also well adapted for grain. Land in all these sections can be bought from ten dollars to one hundred dollars per acre, according to improvements. In all cases a farm is ready to hand, and has not first to be made out of a primeval prairie or forest.

We have personally seen, in a number of cases, what our people can do in this respect. Some eight or ten years ago a colony of Reformed people began to farm in Kent county, Delaware. The advantages they found brought others. Now they constitute a flourishing settlement. In the town of Wyoming, on the Delaware railroad, they have a Reformed congregation of fifty members; and their number is steadily increasing, especially by immigration. In the adjacent counties of Maryland, the same state of things is rapidly coming to pass. As illustrative of the correctness of this statement, let me quote from a private letter lately received from Rev. E. H. Dieffenbacher, our pastor at Wyoming:

"After you left me two weeks ago yesterday, I concluded to make an appointment for service at Ridgeley, Caroline county, Md., for the 9th of December. Wrote to that effect to a number of the people over there. I intended to go over last Wednesday, but rain kept me till Thursday. Whilst there I visited a dozen families; and others I did not get to see for want of opportunity to get around. The prospects there are encouraging. There were nine families present at service on Sunday, who manifested the liveliest interest in the enterprise of starting a Reformed congregation. A general committee was appointed to put it into shape. Those who were there are all ready to enter into an organization as soon as it is advisable. I sold nine copies of the Order of Worship and Hymns. Several other families are expected to move here by January. There is enough material here also for a catechetical class. I have another appointment in six weeks. Our Reformed people are scattered all over that section."

The reader will see, from this extract, that our people—nearly all Pennsylvanians in this case—are actually in numbers settling in what is down there called the Peninsula; that is, the country between the Delaware and the Chesapeake Bay. He will also notice how they look for their old Reformed Church, and how they are formed into congregations by its ministers. These people, generally speaking, have materially improved their outward, temporal condition; many of their old neighbors are gathering around them; they and their kindred, in the former home, often visit each other; and the Church of their fathers readily reaches and ministers to them.

More anon. F. K. L.

Selected.

THE GREATEST PREACHER.

Much hard work has been laid out to prove things that are universally known. Mr. Joseph Cook has recently wasted no small amount of eloquent breath in proving that there is such a thing as conscience. It is not uncommon for pastors to reason acutely and long over the human wants that cry out for a Saviour. Many men are in a chronic state of trepidation lest science shall prove the utter supremacy of physical force, and the panic is sometimes increased by the eloquence that, in defending axioms, can only weaken their hold on the understanding. Most of this well-meant work simply muddles the intellect without rendering any support to the heart.

It is best to bear in mind that sinners know better than preachers the hard facts of sin, the persistency of conscience, the retributive and anticipative pain of an abused moral nature. Our Lord habitually assumed human knowledge of sin and its consequences. Indeed, a single sermon often contains more dogmatic on this subject than the whole Bible. When Christ said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden," he assumed that the labored and burdened soul did not need a diagnosis of its case; and if preachers had to prove that their hearers are sinners, "the foolishness of preaching" would not be employed by omniscience to save men. The effective evangelist has always dealt with the plain facts about sin which are known to everybody; his amplifications are not syllogisms, but pictures from human experience. His first work is to quicken that consciousness of moral disease and impending danger which is in every sinful heart. He assumes that "the court knows something," and he would not plead with any hope if the main and palpitating truths had to be demonstrated.

This is the real reason why what is often called poor preaching is often the most fruitful preaching. A man who has these facts of nature and life in which sin prevails at his fingers' ends, and who is not troubled with any confidence in his reasoning powers—who, indeed, knows that he cannot reason—will frequently carry by storm citadels that have resisted the siege guns of argument for a score of years. Some men frankly confess their liking for these modest preachers, on the ground that they make no attempt to be wise or learned, or subtle or argumentative. A learned sinner once said: "X. is a terrible preacher; he sets my conscience to preaching."

The demand for an educated ministry has had its very high utility; but one of the best uses of education is to put its possessor in possession of the weaknesses and the impotence of learning and all its appliances on the strongest side of man. Just as men hold their convictions (we do not mean their opinions) against all comers, so also the willfulness, the indecision, the pride, the love of pleasure that keep men sinners are not to be put down by any rhetorical or logical force. Their weakness is the conscience that condemns them. Their victim knows their folly, delusion, and danger. Make the inward man speak and he will condemn. The greatest preacher goes about with the sinner in his own bosom. Let the weakest preacher realize the presence of an ally, wiser and stronger than himself, in the breasts of his hearers, and his preaching will become the power of God unto salvation.—*The Methodist.*

BEACONS.

The foam which bubbles over the sunken rocks is God's beacon to the mariner. The pain that strikes into the hand of a thoughtless child, playing with fire, is God's danger-signal which the young mind interprets. So the sorrow and the remorse which clog the steps of sin, the joy and the glory which stream across the path of duty and holiness—these are the angels of admonition. They speak, they warn, they sing, they are the very mother-tongue to all tribes and kindreds of men. For the probationer must be tested. His will must have exercise. Every soul above idiocy must count plus or minus in this problem. Every living, moving, responsible creature must either rise or sink in the tide. Not to choose at all, in the face of such momentous results, is actual choice of the wrong,—as fatal and more cowardly, than an outspoken preference for the devil and his dominions.—*Methodist Recorder.*

BUSINESS MORALITY.

Religion bids men be honest, not because honesty is the best policy merely; be truthful, not because lying is unmanly only; be temperate, not because intemperate habits weaken the intellect and impair the vital energy, and in short, put you outside the pale of society; but be all these from one supreme, absorbing motive, the fear you have of offending a loving God. It will be the thought of God and of Christ which will alone make us true to man. Our religion will not be of that kind which displays deep emotion in the words of our lips, and then goes out to drive very hard bargains, if not to steal. And what do some men mean by this business morality? Surely not that God allows and winks at some recognized code of signals by which, if one man can overreach another, it is all fair play. Are the strict commandments of God to be admitted in the Church, and an expurgated and revised edition hung up in the counting-house? Of many business transactions it may be said, "Everybody does it;" but the Christian man will say, "So do not I, because of the fear of God." And so, too, will this powerful motive, the fear of God, purify into a bright, honest, cheerful single-mindedness and considerate kindness, the reciprocal duties of employer and employed. The servant will not reason, "My Lord delayeth His coming: I may do this trifling piece of commission, and no human eye will detect me." The landlord will not hardly press his tenant, though long accepted precedents still flourishing around him may invite his imitation. The workman will not "scamp" his work, or waste the time of his employer. Why? "Because of the fear of God."—*Sunday at Home.*

Family Reading.

THE INFANT MARTYRS.

MATTHEW ii. 16–18.

Jesus, Holy Child from heaven,
Thou for children wast a child;
Infant Martyrs gathered round Thee,
And, unconscious, for Thee died.
Not by speaking, but by dying,
Slaughtered babes proclaim Thy praise.

Hail! sweet band of lovely infants,
Welcoming the Holy Child;
First-fruits of His martyr glory,
Innocent, and meek and mild.
Not by willing, but by dying,
They gave up their all for Thee.

Though too young to know or choose Thee,
They were chosen, Lord, by Thee;
Saved and blest by grace brought near them,
Though that grace they could not see.
Not by choosing, but by dying,
They became forever Thine.

Prophets—yes, they preached by suffering;
Priests—themselves the sacrifice:
Kings—by bloody tyrants furthered,
They to crowns and glory rise.
Not by living, but by dying,
They the life eternal won.

Jesus, Holy Child from heaven,
Who for children wast a child;
Lambs upon Thine altar lying,
Make us humble, undefiled,
That in living, and in dying,
We may evermore be Thine.

THE LAST PEARL.

We are in a rich, and happy house; all are cheerful and full of joy, master, servants, and friends of the family; for on this day an heir, a son, had been born, and mother and child were doing exceedingly well.

The burning lamp in the bed-chamber had been partly shaded, and the windows were guarded by heavy curtains of some costly silken fabric. The carpet was thick, and soft as a mossy lawn, and everything invited to slumber—was charmingly suggestive of repose—and the nurse found that, for she slept; and here she might sleep, for everything was good and blessed. The guardian spirit of the house leaned against the head of the bed; over the child at the mother's breast there spread as it were a net of shining stars in endless number, and each star was a pearl of happiness. All the good stars of life had brought their gifts to the new-born one; here sparkled health, wealth, fortune, and love—in short, everything that man can wish for on earth.

"Every thing has been presented here!" said the guardian spirit.

"No, not every thing," said a voice near him, the voice of the child's *good angel*.

"One fairy has not yet brought her gift; but she will do so some day, even if years should elapse first, she will bring her gift; the *last pearl* is yet wanting."

"Wanting! here nothing may be wanting, and if it should be the case, let me go and seek the powerful fairy; let us betake ourselves to her!"

"She comes! she will come some day unsought! Her pearl may not be wanting; it must be there, so that the complete crown may be won."

"Where is she to be found? Where does she dwell? Tell it me, and I will procure the pearl."

"You will do that?" said the good angel of the child. "I will lead you to her directly, wherever she may be. She has no abiding place—sometimes she rules in the emperor's palace, sometimes you will find her in the peasant's humble cot; she goes by no person without leaving a trace; she brings two griefs to all; be it a world or a trifle! To this child also she must come. You think the time is equally long, but not equally profitable. Come, let us go for this pearl, the last pearl in all this wealth."

And hand in hand they floated towards the spot where the fairy was now lingering.

It was a great house with dark windows, and empty rooms, and a peculiar stillness reigned therein; a whole row of windows had been opened, so that the rough air could penetrate at its pleasure; the long, white, hanging curtains moved to and fro in the current of wind.

In the middle of the room was placed an open coffin, and in this coffin lay the corpse of a woman, still in the bloom of youth, and very beautiful. Fresh roses were scattered over her, so that only the delicate folded hands, and the noble face, glorified in death by the solemn look of consecration and entrance to the better world, were visible.

Around the coffin stood the husband and the children, a whole troop; the youngest child rested on the father's arm, and all bade their mother the last farewell; the husband kissed her hand, the hand which now was now as a withered leaf; but which a short time ago had been working and striving in diligent love for them all. Tears of sorrow rolled over their cheeks, and fell in heavy drops to the floor; but not a word was spoken. The silence which reigned here expressed a world of grief. With silent footsteps and with many a sob, they quitted the room.

A burning light stands in the room, and the long red wick peers out high above the flame that flickers in the current of air. Strange men come in, and lay the lid on the coffin over the dead one, and drive the nails firmly in, and the blows of the hammer resound through the house, and echo in the hearts that are bleeding.

"Whither art thou leading me?" asked the guardian spirit. "Here dwells no fairy whose pearl might be counted amongst the best gifts of life!"

"Here she lingers; here in this sacred hour," said the angel, and pointed to a corner of the room; and there where in her lifetime the mother had taken her seat amid flowers and pictures; there from whence, like the beneficent fairy of the house, she had greeted husband, children, and friends; from whence, like the sunbeams, she had spread joy and cheerfulness, and been the centre and the heart of all; there sat a strange woman, clad in long garments, it was "the Chastened Heart," now mistress and mother here in the dead lady's place. A hot tear rolled down into her lap, and formed itself into a pearl glowing with all the colors of the rainbow; the angel seized it, and the pearl shone like a star of sevenfold radiance.

The pearl of Chastening, the last, which must not be wanting! it heightens the lustre and the meaning of the other pearls. Do you see the sheen of the rainbow—of the bow that unites heaven and earth! A bridge has been built between this world and the heaven beyond. Through the earthly night we gaze upward to the stars, looking for perfection. Contemplate it, the pearl of Chastening, for it hides within itself the wings that shall carry us to the better world.

AMATEUR DOSING.

There is a host of people who seem to have little else to do but to consider their physical condition and to administer doses for its improvement; people who are positively dissipated and intemperate in their use of medicines, and appear to think this world not so much a vale of tears as a vale of drugs; people to whom a new prescription affords a delight only equalled by that which a [illegible] from the possession of a bone of the extinct megatherium.

If they are in the least under the weather it never occurs to them to allow nature to work out her own salvation, but they take her affairs into their own hands, and having small acquaintance with her processes, the result resembles that of a novice attempting the tasks of a superior, and making them more difficult for that superior to accomplish. One of the peculiar pleasures of such persons consists in persuading others to try their methods of cure. The most delicate compliment you can pay them is to swallow some nauseating mixture upon their recommendation, which all the while bears a strong family likeness to that of those who, with bad complexions, assure you that soap is wholesome for the skin, or of bald people who extol the virtues of certain washes they have employed.

This art of dosing does not interfere, however, with the usefulness of the family physician, but rather supplies him with practice by laying the foundation for positive disease. The stomach, which has been unrighteously corrected, rebels at length; the nerves that have been too often artificially soothed, finally refuse to acknowledge the power of the charmer; the strength engendered by stimulants proves that but a broken reed; appetites fortified by frequent tonics surrender some day without reserve.—*Brooklyn Monthly.*

FOR HUSBANDS.

Don't think when you have won a wife that you have won also a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relationship to you is simply changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving grudgingly. What she needs, give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure to do so. She will feel better, and so will you.

Don't meddle in affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen, than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her *extravagance* in ribbons, etc, until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, whisky, etc.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children, on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at nights to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper and hurry off to spend your evenings lounging around, away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts till midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think that the woman you promised to "love, cherish, and protect," becomes your servant as her part of the contract.

Don't think board and clothes is a sufficient return for all a wife does for you.

Don't expect your wife to love and honor you if you prove a brute, unworthy of love or honor.

Don't caress your wife in public, and snarl and growl at her in private. This proves you both a hypocrite and a dog.

Don't wonder that your wife is not as cheerful as she used to be, when she labors from early morn till late at night to pander to the comfort and caprice of a selfish pig, who has not soul enough to appreciate her.

A VIST TO MODERN BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem at once struck us as a thriving place, and appeared in favorable contrast to Hebron, which we had lately left. This is attributed to the fact that its population, 5,000 in number, is almost entirely Christian—a circumstance pleasing in itself, and also in its bearing on us, for our approach was greeted with smiles, and not with scowls as in fanatical Hebron. Many bright little flows came running up, not to howl at us, but to hold our horses while we dismounted at the door of the Latin monastry. We saw mothers of Bethlehem, too, carrying their infants in their arms, just as one, the most blessed among them, had carried hers, tenderly, lovingly of old. And sometimes by their sides there tottered simple little ones, of two years old and under, the living representatives of Rachel's slaughtered innocent.

The Latin monks received us with a benediction, and put the convent table at our service. The Church of St. Mary, round which the three convents cluster, is one of the oldest Christian Churches extant. It was built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, on the site of an old khan, believed to be the inn where Joseph and his young wife sought shelter on their memorable journey. Lovers of legend trace back the site even to the days of Jeremiah—thence to Chimham, and thence to Ruth herself, whose house, they say, was built on the very spot where her descendant, Mary, brought forth her divine first-born. Certain it is, that the spot has been revered for centuries by countless pilgrims, and that the possession of the Church has long been a matter of serious dispute among the sects. It is now divided among the Greeks, Latins and Armenians, who have each a monastery adjoining the Basilica.

The interior of the Church, with its long nave and double aisles, is very plain: though its four rows of marble columns and the lingering mosaics on its walls bespeak a former splendor. We found a Turkish guard stationed inside to maintain peace. It is a melancholy fact that, not many years ago, the hostility of the rival sects reached such a pitch, that knives and pistols were freely used, life destroyed, and many of the coveted relics hopelessly ruined in the mad scramble for the possession of them. So there the Moslem stands, and smiles, mayhap, as he sardonically mutters: "See how these Christians hate one another!"

We descended to the Holy Crypt, and here another guard was stationed; for here the brawl had reached its fiercest—here on the spot where the angel voices sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" Striving to forget the presence of the cowled Franciscan and the bayoneted Turk, we peered, through the dim, religious light, around the sacred grotto. We saw in a recess the silver star, supposed to mark the spot where the Virgin lay, and bearing round it the words so full of meaning to meaning: "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*" We saw the adjoining chapel of the magi, and the manger where the babe was laid.

And was it all authentic? Well, the spot was somewhere hereabout, at least; and there is a certain interest in that. The significance, no doubt, lies not in the *hic*, after all. It matters not that we cannot localize with full assurance the very spot where the Christ was born. Enough that we can say of this guilty world of ours, that *here* the Son of God became man. That is the true marvel, that the important fact for us to know. Yet there is no other spot on earth where it can, with equal certainty, be said, that here was born the holy child, Jesus. And even the announcement over it of a fact so great in words so simple had in it something impressive to our minds. Bethlehem—the babe in the manger—the wise men's adoration—how one is carried back to the lessons of earliest childhood! Here, then, we find them realized tradition; and let us not at once dismiss them with a sneer, but rather try to realize something of what at least they symbolize for us.—*Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

WHAT IS HOME?

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though hung with pictures nicely gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;
Home is where we've one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room;
Home needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom—
Where there's some kind heart to cheer it!

What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet, and only sweet,
When there's *one we love* to meet us.

From "Poems of Home Life."

LOVE.

Happy will you be if you learn what it is to find love an occupation. It is no use to ask what those who love God do with Him. There is no difficulty in spending our time with a friend we love; our heart is always ready to open to him; we do not study what we shall say to him, but it comes forth without premeditation; we can keep nothing back; even if we have nothing special to say, we like to be with Him. O, how much easier it is to love than to fear! Fear constrains, fetters, perplexes one; but love persuades, comforts, inspirits, expands the soul, and makes one desire what is good for its own sake.—*Fenelon.*

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Off the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a little cottage with her father; and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and, though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone. She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor, and weak; but she said in her heart that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost off the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into the harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but when night fell, arose, and lighting a candle placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night, and trimmed it, and spun; but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle; and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth, cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a light-house, steadily as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the Rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No; they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks o their would be inadequate to expres their gratitude; or perhaps long year have made the lighted casement s familiar, that they look upon it as matter of course, and forget for the tim the patient watcher within.—*Jean In gelow.*

PRIVATE PRAYER.

The root that produces the beautifi and flourishing tree, with all its sprea ing branches, verdant leaves, and r freshing fruit—that which gains for sap, life, vigor and fruitfulness—is s unseen; and the further and the deep the root spreads beneath, the more t tree expands above. Christians, if y long to bring forth all the fruits of t Spirit, strike your roots deep and wi in private prayer. That faith and su port, that strength and grace which y seek of God in secret, that they may exercised in the hour of need, God w in that hour give you before men. *Family Treasury.*

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes your love and tenderness sealed until your friends are dead. Fill tl lives with sweetness. Speak appr ing, cheering words while their can hear them, and while their he can be thrilled by them. The th you mean to say when they are g say before they go. The flowers mean to send for their coffins, sen brighten and sweeten their homes be they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes away, full of perfumes of sympathy affection, which they intend to b over my dead body, I would rather would bring them out in my weary h and open them, that I may be refre and cheered by them while I need t I would rather have a bare coffin out a flower, and a funeral witho eulogy, than a life without the swee of love and sympathy. Let us lea anoint our friends beforehand, for burial. Post-mortem kindnesses d cheer the burdened spirit. Flow the coffin cast no fragrance back over the weary days.—*N. Y. Evan*

Useful Hints and Reci

Economy in Cooking.—It mus be imagined that good cooking req increased expenditure. On the conu a really good cook is far more ec mical than a bad one. The cook is perpetually wanting sauces to sea her dishes is not worth the salt she us The good cook, moreover, knows how make the most of everything, while t bad cook is excessively wasteful of th best material.

Celery with Cream.—Select th finest and whitest part of a head o celery, and after washing it perfectly clean, cut it into lengths of three inches. Boil it tender and strain it. Then beat up the yolks of four eggs, and strain them into a half pint of cream, adding a little salt and nutmeg. Put the whole into a tossing pan, and set it over the stove until it boils to the proper consistency, and then send it to the table with toasted bread under it.

Oyster Patties in Batter.—Make a batter with one egg or more, according to the quantity of oysters you intend to prepare, a little nutmeg, some beaten mace, a little flour and a little salt; dip in the oysters and fry them in lard to a nice brown. If preferred, a large parsley may be shred very fine and mixed with the batter. The batter may also be made thicker, and formed into the shape of a patty, or put into a small tin mold, the oyster being dropped in covered over, and the whole baked as a pudding would be.

How to Restore the Color of Lace.—Lace may be restored to its original whiteness by first ironing it slightly, then folding it and sewing it into a clean linen bag, which is placed for twenty-four hours in pure olive oil. Afterwards the bag is to be boiled in a solution of soap and water for fifteen minutes, then rinsed in lukewarm water, and finally dipped into water containing a slight proportion of starch. The lace is then to be taken from the bag and stretched on pins to dry.—*Scientific American.*

Snow Flake.—One cocoanut grated and soaked in just enough cream to cover it for an hour or more; one pint of cream, sweetened and flavored to taste, and whipped all up. Beat the whites of three or four eggs and mix in a bowl with the cocoanut and cream. It should only be mixed all together just before serving. Grated pineapple is the best flavoring; it can be bought in cans ready grated.

Miscellaneous.

THE TELEGRAPH.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray;
But yet their words are quickly felt,
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
Can check their rapid course,
Unmoved they meet the fierce wind's blast—
The rough waves' sweeping force.
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thought of him, who loves
The Christian's life and Lord;
Of him, who taught in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse, here on earth,
With bright worlds far away.

Aye! though no outward wish is breathed,
No outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in Heaven.
Those long frail wires may bend or break,
Those viewless heralds stay,
But Faith's last word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.

The New York *Tribune* condenses from Dr. Schliemann's book, just issued, the following interesting account of the discoveries at Mycenæ:

In February, 1874, he began the work by sinking thirty-four shafts in different places, in order to sound the ground and discover some clue. Two of these shafts, within 100 yards southward from the famous Gate of Lions, struck upon Cyclopean house-walls, and unearthed a sculptured slab, resembling a tomb-stone. Here was sufficient encouragement to continue; but the excavations were interrupted, and more than two years elapsed before they could be resumed.

Finally, on the 7th of August, 1876, Dr. Schliemann returned to Mycenæ with sixty-three workmen, and began work near the Gate of Lions. To Mrs. Schliemann, who is a Greek lady, and wholly shares her husband's passion for research, he allotted the task of uncovering the buried treasury, near the gate. The soil was almost as hard as stone, and the huge blocks which were hurled from the walls proved to be very serious impediments, especially as the only satisfactory plan of exploration was to dig down to the bed-rock, the original foundation of the walls. As this, at many points, was between thirty and forty feet below the present surface, the arduous nature of the labor, without the aid of machinery, may be imagined. Dr. Schliemann chose as his own special task, the excavation of a space 113 feet square, beginning forty feet within the gate. The medals and fragments of pottery found in the upper stratum of soil satisfied him that the city has been reoccupied after its destruction by the Argives in B. C. 468. The new settlement appears to have lasted from about B. C. 400 to B. C. 200; but, since the circumstance is not mentioned by any historian, it was probably a small and politically insignificant community. The question thus started is interesting, but not important.

As the excavation deepened, terra-cotta vases of elegant form were unearthed, then implements of stone and bronze, and finally sculptured tombstones, the latter evidently belonging to the prehistoric age. In September, Dr. Schliemann increased the number of his workmen to 125, and added four horse-carts. He very soon came upon a second wall of inclosure, twelve feet high, and composed of parallel rows of large, closely-joined slabs of calcareous stone.

Within the inclosure he discovered a great many idols of Hera (Juno), and two more sculptured tombstones. The objects thus unearthed constantly increased in interest and unusual character. Fragments of carved friezes of red porphyry, terra-cotta idols, with cows' heads, symbolic designs—very frequent among them the cross—hatchets of bronze, gems of agate, beads, and basalt moulds for ornaments, came rapidly to light, and stimulated the explorer. On the 9th of September, he writes: "Mrs. Schliemann and I superintend the excavations from morning until dusk, and we suffer severely from the scorching sun and incessant tempest, which blows the dust into the eyes and inflames them; but in spite of these annoyances nothing more interesting can be imagined than the excavation of a prehistoric city of immortal glory, where nearly every object, even to the fragments of pottery, reveals a new page of history."

Encouraged by the great success, Dr. Schliemann resolved to excavate the whole interior space of the agora. At a depth of twenty feet below the former surface, he found an almost circular mass of Cyclopean masonry 4 feet in height by about 6 feet in diameter. It was indisputably a primitive altar for funeral rites, and around it were fragments of pottery and knives of obsidian. Digging further, he found that this altar stood precisely over the centre of another tomb, within which, on a layer of pebbles, he found the bodies of five men. The ashes and marks of fire showed that they all had been burned at the same time, and, as, Dr. Schliemann says, "they were literally smothered in jewels." The news of the discovery immediately reached Athens, and the remains were seen by thousands of people during the following days. For the first time since the fall of Mycenæ—that is, in 2,344 years—the Acropolis was garrisoned, and the watch-fires kept burning all night on the high Cyclopean wall, were visible all over the plain of Argos. Ancient history and poetry were revived to protect the precious relics from depredation by the country people.

We cannot attempt to give a description of the astonishing treasures found in this fourth tomb. Dr. Schliemann devotes more than eighty pages of text and illustrations to a limited selection of the more remarkable objects. All are prehistoric, and many of entirely new design and character. Among them are bronze swords and lances, arrow-heads of obsidian; golden crowns, bracelets, greaves, belts, buttons, goblets, flagons, pins and cylinders; amber beads; cows' heads of silver and gold; vessels of copper and lead; alabaster vases, and articles of bone and wood. After carefully securing everything, Dr. Schliemann returned to the tomb he had first opened, the excavation whereof he had been compelled to abandon on account of its having become filled with water. He found that the three male bodies it contained had all been men of large proportions, but they had been forcibly squeezed into a sepulchre only five and a half feet in length. Although the head of the first man exhumed was covered with a massive golden mask, his skull crumbled away on being exposed to the air, and only a few bones could be saved, except those of the legs. The same was the case with the second body. He thus describes the third:

"But of the third body, which lay at the north end of the tomb, the round face, with all its flesh, had been wonderfully preserved under its ponderous golden mask; there was no vestige of hair, but both eyes were perfectly visible, also the mouth, which, owing to the enormous weight that had pressed upon it, was wide open, and showed thirty-two beautiful teeth. From these, all the physicians who came to see the body were led to believe that the man must have died at the early age of thirty-five. The nose was entirely gone. The body having been too long for the space between the two inner walls of the tomb, the head had been pressed in such a way on the breast, that the upper part of the shoulders were nearly in a horizontal line with the vertex of the head. Notwithstanding the large golden breast-plate, so little had been preserved of the breast, that the inner side of the spine was visible in many places."

Two of the bodies wore golden breast-plates, and the tomb also contained bronze swords with golden hilts, richly-chased drinking cups, silver vases and ornaments, which display the most unexpected art in that remote age.

By the sagacity of a Greek officer of engineers, whom Dr. Schliemann had engaged, another tomb was found outside the circle of the agora, on the south side. The first blow of the pickaxe brought a golden vessel, and in the space of an hour the spoils of Mycenæ were enriched by four two-handled golden goblets, one large cup, a mass of rings and spirals, two golden signet-rings with intaglio designs of the greatest beauty, a golden lion, and gems of serpentine and agate. With this last splendid piece of trover the work ceased. Dr. Schliemann makes no statement of his reason for discontinuing the excavations, but we presume the expense was too great for his own unaided means; and, moreover, he could not hope, by continuing his labors, for any discoveries at all approaching in value those which he had already made.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MILAN.

The rows of new buildings are as French as possible; for Milan, more than any other Italian city, remembers her association with France, and especially her close personal knowledge of the Bonapartes. They could not forget the hand that was strong enough to grasp the iron crown and place it upon his own head, nor the triumphal entry of the Napoleon whom, after the victory of Magenta, they were willing to welcome as the "Saviour of Italy." We must measure Milan's appreciation of the helps she may have had towards Italian unity by the intensity of her desire, and the degree of sacrifice and endeavor she was willing to bestow. Some one has called her the "moral capital of Italy," and so she has proved in the many struggles undergone before 1859, when the peace of Villa Franca opened throats that could never have been made to echo one German guttural of welcome to Radetzsky, and set them shouting *vivas* for Victor Immanuel. For, notwithstanding cosmopolitan externals, Milan has been fiercely national. German art and literature could not change her; Spanish despotism could not destroy. She rose from pillage and fire and sword, that marked her mediæval history till she had been "besieged forty-eight and stormed twenty-eight times." And when she lifted her head after each new tempest that swept the Lombard plains, no matter what helmet it was forced to wear, the head was Italian still. And through all periods of vicissitudes science has been advanced and art cherished. Great treasures hang in the academy, gathered some of them from the old palaces of extinct families. Raphael's celebrated "Marriage of the Virgin" is here, and many others, to which pages should be given if they are touched at all. Perhaps it is better to let them alone altogether than pass them with only a look and a word.—*National Repository.*

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER FOUND HIS WIFE.

The following has been related as the manner in which Mr. Webster became engaged to his loving and devoted wife. He saw her first when he was a young lawyer, at Portsmouth, and she was Miss Grace Fletcher. At one of his visits he had, probably with a view of utility and enjoyment, been holding skeins of silk thread for her, when suddenly he stopped, saying: "Grace, we have been engaged in untying knots; let us see if we can tie a knot, which will not untie for a lifetime." He then took a piece of tape, and after beginning a knot of a peculiar kind, gave it to her to complete. This was the ceremony and ratification of their engagement. And in the little box marked by him with the words "Precious Documents," containing the letters of his early courtship, this unique memorial was found—the knot never untied. To the memory of the lady who won his earliest affection, who shared the trials and the triumphs of his early manhood, Mr. Webster retained to the end of life an unfaltering devotion. He could never speak of his first wife without some visible emotion. Grace Fletcher Webster was a person of very delicate organization, both physically and intellectually; yet she was energetic, and when occasion required she exhibited a rare fortitude. To her husband's welfare she was entirely devoted; she presided over his household with peculiar grace and dignity and really seemed to live for him. When he was at home she sought his comfort and pleasure; when he was absent her thoughts, as her beautiful letters testify, were of him day and night. She wrote to him almost daily.

DE QUINCEY'S DEATH.

BY MISS DE QUINCEY.

All during his illness my father was subject to fits of delirium, though these were seldom of a painful nature. They were chiefly connected with fancies about children, and sometimes he would wander back to the days of his own childhood. Still, he was always clear enough if any question of politics or history came up, and would converse with fluency about anything in the newspaper that interested him. To the last he was able to read without the help of spectacles—one eye doing all the work, the other one being invariably closed while either writing or reading.

About a week before he died, while sitting up in an easy chair lent him by his kind friend Mrs. Findlay, he gave me a long account of Froude's views upon the history of Henry VIII. One night, when Miss Stark had left him, and I had taken her place, he woke up from his short sleep, and noticed Miss Stark's absence, and then went on to say: "By the way, I wished to tell you what displeased me much." I saw he was anxious about something, and I went and sat down beside him to listen. He then treated me to one of those curious turns that his passing attacks of delirium would take. "I am grieved," he said, "at the coarse manners that some rough fellows displayed!" I said, "Why, what have they done?" "Well, you know, I and the children were invited to the great supper. Do you know what supper I mean?" "No," I said. "Well, I was invited to come and to bring the children to the great supper of Jesus Christ. So, wishing the children to have suitable dresses for such an occasion, I had them all dressed in white. They were dressed from head to foot in white. But some rough men in the streets of Edinburgh, as we passed on our way to to the supper, seeing the little things in complete white, laughed and jeered at us, and made the children much ashamed."

We had rarely heard him mention his father's name during his life, he having died early. But one day he said, "There is a thing I much regret, that is, that I did not know more of my dear father, for I am sure that a juster, kinder man never breathed." He then went on to tell me many traits of his father's character, which he had learned from clerks and servants, and which he had treasured up for years in his memory. At length his illness became so serious that we thought it better to telegraph to his only other daughter within reach, viz., Mrs. Craig. She came over from Ireland the day before his death. Great was his pleasure at seeing her, though for some time we fancied that he did not know her. Such was his constant thought of children that he viewed her simply as connected with his grandchildren. "How is mamma?" he said, when he saw her; nor did he address her as anything else but mamma again. Towards the evening his weakness became extreme, and he said to my sister, "Mamma, I cannot bear the weight of clothes upon my feet." My sister at once pulled off the heavy blankets and wrapped a light shawl round his feet. "Is that better?" she asked.

"Yes, my love, much better; I am better in every way—I feel much better. You know these are the feet that Jesus washed." As night wore on, our kind friend Dr. Warburton Begbie came and sat with us, as my father's life slowly ebbed away. Twice only was the heavy breathing interrupted by words. He had for hours ceased to recognize any of us, but we heard him murmur though quite distinctly, "My dear, dear mother. Then I was greatly mistaken." Then as the waves of death rolled faster and faster over him, suddenly out of the abyss we saw him throw up his arms, which to the last retained their strength, and say distinctly, and as if in great surprise, "Sister! sister! sister!" The loud breathing became slower and slower, and as the world of Edinburgh awoke to busy work and life, all that was mortal of my father fell asleep forever.—*De Quincey's Life and Writings, by H. A. Page.*

INDUSTRY OF BULGARIAN WOMEN.

The correspondent of a London newspaper writes: "Every house has its rude loom, of amake so primitive that one wonders how such good material is produced by it, for the Bulgarian cloth though rather rough in texture, is of excellent quality, and will wear for years; a finer kind is however produced in the towns and at Kazan, in the vilayet of the Danube; I was assured that they could imitate any quality of pattern of cloth that might be given to them. The other woolen articles made are chiefly carpets, generally in long narrow strips of bright color, something like the Spanish blankets; rugs of different patterns, cushions or pillow cases, and bed coverlets; they are sold either in the provinces or to the Constantinople market, and I do not think there is any export for them; indeed as the sheep of Roumelia give only about two pounds and three-quarters of wool to the fleece, the amount produced is probably barely sufficient for internal consumption. One of the most striking things in these villages is the apparently ceaseless industry of the women and girls, every one of whom, whether seated on the door step, walking in the streets, or going to the fountain with her pails over her shoulder on a yoke like a milkmaid's, always carries a hank of wool tied on a distaff under one arm, and twirls a spindle. In Kazan I walked twenty minutes without being able to find one—literally one—woman or girl above eight years of age without this accompaniment, and mothers carry their babes in a sort of bag on their backs, so as to have their hands free to use the spindle.

Selections.

Harvest never comes to such as sow not.

It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.—*George MacDonald.*

Hearts and heads united are a hundred-fold stronger than heads alone.—*Rev. W. H. Fish.*

There are critics who turn everything they touch to gold; but to this privilege of Midas they sometimes add his ears.

Frankness speaks of the present as if they were absent, and kindness of the absent as if they were present.

O, how many deeds of deathless virtue and immortal crime the world had wanted had the actor said, "I will do this to-morrow!"—*Lord John Russell.*

Pascal says that "there is in Christianity light enough for those who sincerely wish it, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition."

Whatever you do for the Lord, do in the name of the Lord; that is, referring to His authority, expecting His blessing and seeking His honor.

Experience unveils too late the snares laid for youth; it is the white frost which discovers the spider's web when the flies are no longer there to be caught.

There is always something great in that man against whom the world exclaims, at whom every one throws a stone, and on whose character all attempt to fix a thousand crimes, without being able to prove one.

"Ah grieve not so, nor so lament,
My soul, nor troubled sigh,
Because some joys to others sent,
Thy Father may deny;
Take all as love that seems severe,
There is no want if God is near."

O God, enable us by Thy Holy Spirit to say in faith, "Thy will be done," in us, for us, and by us. May we daily love Thy will more and more, and may it sweeten and endear all events to us. May we annihilate our own will, that Thine may reign in us; for it is Thine to will and ours to obey.—*Fenelon.*

ANXIETY about salvation is the most reasonable thing in the world; and we feel ready to ask, Can that man have a soul, or know that he has one, who is careless about his eternal happiness? Is he a man or a brute? Is he in the exercise of his reason, or is he a maniac?—*John Angell James.*

This is the impregnable fortress of a soul—all is at the disposal and command of my God; my Father rules all—what need I fear? The soul trusting on God is prepared for all; and in the saddest apprehensions of the soul, beyond hope, believes against hope: even in the darkest night casts anchor in God—reposes on Him when it sees no light.—*Leighton.*

Science and Art.

TRIAL OF THE TELEPHONE.—A trial is to be made of the telephone by the Russian army. A house in Berlin is making the instruments to be used. Military men await the result of the experiment with much curiosity.

NEW WORK OF ART.—Gustave Dore is now engaged on an enormous work called "The Temptation of Adam and Eve." It will be of the class of "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," and will be ready for exhibition next year.

STATUE UNVEILED.—The statue of King Robert Bruce, which was unveiled at Stirling, on Saturday, November 24th, has been cut in freestone from a block weighing five tons, is nine feet high, and stands on a pedestal ten feet high. The king is represented clad in a coat of chain armor, over which is thrown a royal robe, and he is in the act of sheathing his sword after achieving the independence of Scotland.

NOVELTIES IN PAPER.—When the usefulness of compressed paper for railway wheels was demonstrated, two or three years ago, people asked, "What next?" The question can now be answered. The latest use of paper appears to be for chimney-pots. They are made in Breslau, and are light and durable. Before the paper pulp is moulded and compressed into the required shape, it is treated with chemicals, which render it non-inflammable. Specimens of paper and cloth made from the California cactus, were recently exhibited before the Maryland Academy of Sciences. The cactus grows abundantly in many of our Western States and territories, and it is found on arid soil, where nothing can be cultivated. The success that has been met with in making paper from this plant is so marked, that the business will probably be attempted on a large scale.

MEASUREMENT OF CORN IN THE CRIB.—Such measurements are never exact, because different varieties of corn and the same variety during different seasons will shell more grain than others. Of some kinds two bushels of ears will make more than one of shelled corn, but two bushels of the large cob kinds will not make one of shelled corn. If we assume that two bushels of ears will make one of shelled corn, the following rule will give a correct result; Multiply the cubic contents of the crib in feet by four, and strike off the right hand figure. The remainder will indicate the number of bushels of shelled corn. This rule may be explained as follows: A United States standard bushel contains 2,150 cubic inches; a cubic foot contains 1,728—therefore a bushel is to a cubic foot what 5 is to 4. If one bushel of shelled corn is the product of two of ears, then the proportion is that of 10 to 4, or multiply by 4 and divide by 10 as above.

USES OF TELEGRAPHIC CABLES.—As soon as cables are laid giving telegraphic connections between new points, an opportunity is afforded for determining the longitude of the stations. This is by far the simplest and most accurate method of determining longitudes that has ever been invented. All that is necessary is to have correct local time at each station, and note the time accurately when the signals are sent. The difference of the local times is practically the difference of longitude. There is a small loss of time in the transmission of signals, but the error that this might occasion, is entirely eliminated by sending signals both ways over the wire, and computing from a pair of signals. The submarine cables with the West India Islands have been recently employed for this purpose, and several longitudes of localities in Trinidad and Barbadoes ascertained. The longitude of the stations is thus determined within five yards, equal to the hundredth part of a second of time.

Books and Periodicals.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1751.—January 5, 1878. Contents: Humming-Birds, *Fortnightly Review;* Erica, *Frau von Ingersleben;* Charlotte Bronte, *Cornhill Magazine;* Doris Barugh, *Good Words;* On the Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms and the Open Air, *Contemporary Review;* The Prince Consort's Savings, *Spectator;* Heligoland, *Macmillan's Magazine;* Forgetfulness, *Spectator;* Poetry: Autumn; Vixi Puellis; An Unequal Game; An October Garden; Folis Bandu læ; An Autumn Song; Miscellany.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. J. M. TITZEL,
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

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☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1878.

THE RICHEST AND BEST FOR CHRIST.

When the wise men from the East had found the child Jesus, they fell down and worshiped Him; and then opening their treasuries, they presented unto Him gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Although the Gentiles were to be brought to Christ as the King of kings and Lord of lords, no verbal revelation had been given to them such as had been vouchsafed to the Jews. They stood on the plane of mere nature trying to solve the problem of man's deliverance by their own efforts towards the divine, instead of having the objective mystery of grace unfolded to them from beyond and above the present order of things. They had their philosophies, of course, and were accustomed to study the "heavenly bodies," in the hope of discovering some portent that would tell of relief from behind the jeweled curtain of the skies. Just there, at the line beyond which they could not pass, God met them. A star was His messenger, and led the sages to Him who was the light to lighten their ignorance. They must have been impressed with the subserviency of the entire material world to His purposes, and as representatives not only of the wisdom but of the wealth of the Orient, they brought the richest and best of every thing and laid it at His feet.

That must have been a grand sight—those kings, with their long line of richly caparisoned dromedaries, bearing caskets of precious metals and spices, and ignoring the Idumean usurper, laying them with worshipful reverence before the "born King of the Jews." And surely this teaches us, that even the costly and beautiful things of the world belong to Him. Even the inanimate matter of which the universe is composed; not simply the coarser parts of it; not simply what we find on Golgotha—jagged rocks and bare earth red with atoning blood; not simply the rude wood to which He was nailed and the base iron with which He was nailed; not simply the wormwood that He drank and the thorns with which He was pierced, but myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine—the aroma of the plant and the fragrance of the rose—all are sacred to Him and may be laid on His altar, not to purchase favor indeed, but as the offerings of thanksgiving, and the ointment of love poured upon His head.

LIONIZING CRIMINALS.

Some of the papers have given a flaming account of the execution of Henry Norfolk, who was hung a short time ago, at Annapolis, Md., for the murder of his wife. The crime of which he was convicted was unusually deliberate and cold-blooded, his motive being to get rid of his lawful spouse, in order that he might marry her sister. Yet he was lionized on the scaffold, and his declaration that he was "going home to glory in heaven," was published all over the country.

There is a great deal too much of that kind of thing in these days. It is, of course, the hope of every man, that the vilest sinner may find pardon through Christ Jesus, and no one ought to be willing to place any one else beyond the reach of God's mercy; but such ostentatious displays, half encourage men to think that they can sin in order that grace may abound. To say nothing about the subdued spirit which men in Norfolk's circumstances should show before the world, even though they be forgiven of God, this disposition to make miracles of grace, if not champions of righteousness, out of the "wickedest men," and parade them before the public, puts a premium on crime, and places a godly life at a discount. The disposition to sin wilfully with the hope of future repentance and pardon in the end, is strong enough in the hearts of most persons at any rate; and it is very easy to foster a presumption upon God's mercy, which is neither right nor safe. All procrastination in regard to an acceptance of Christ seems to root itself in some such delusive hope, and men are led to harbor the feeling that they may commit flagrant crimes and be saved at last like the penitent thief.

This whole tendency to make heroes out of notorious criminals, springs out of something deeper than the immediate cases that bring it into view from time to time. The idea of a child planted into grace at baptism, and, like Timothy, knowing the Scriptures, which are able to make him wise unto salvation, from his youth up, is set aside as an impossibility, God's covenant plan of nurture, to the contrary notwithstanding. Children must first grow up in sin, and then be reclaimed from Satan by conquest, and the more atrocious the violation of God's law, the more palpable the return. The murderer, who assassinates his wife, it may be, without giving her an opportunity for prayer, approaches the time fixed by the law for his own death, and making a virtue of a necessity, claims to be penitent; and is set up as manifesting a special relish for heaven, while the grey-haired saint, who, from his childhood has resisted sin and brought no reproach upon human life, can scarely receive an obituary notice that will meet the commendation of men. This, we repeat, is putting a premium upon crime, and encouraging men to sin in the hope that grace will abound. It is needless to say, that the whole effect of it is demoralizing.

A MARK OF PIETY.

An important mark of true piety is a strong desire and relish for the means of grace. A delight in meditating upon the word of God, and in pouring out our hearts in prayer to Him, both in the closet and in union with kindred spirits, an ardent attachment to the Church, a regular attendance at public worship, and a hungering and thirsting for sacramental grace, are all fruits of true, living faith. Prayer is, in fact, the Christian's "vital breath," and preaching and the Holy Supper his necessary food. If he be deprived of these he will be sure to languish and pine away; and indifference to them on his part is an infallible evidence of waning spirituality, and the want of proper divine life. For the Church is just as necessary to build up Christians in the faith, as she is to convert sinners to God; she is the assembly of the saints as well as the mother of the faithful.

Yet how many persons are there to be found in every community, who would get angry if they were to be told that they are not Christians in truth, and who yet seldom open their Bibles, and are scarcely ever seen in the house of God except on great occasions. Such Christianity, however, has never saved a soul, and those who place their trust and hope of salvation in it, may well fear and tremble. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God," exclaims the Psalmist, and his feelings are those of all the true children and servants of God.

What would we think of a person who should profess to love us, but who never would seek our society, who would treat our message of love with indifference, and seldom or never enter our house, though he lived in the immediate neighborhood of it? Would we not esteem him as an enemy rather than as a friend? How then can any one expect God to look upon him with favor, if he never approaches His altar, or appears in the assembly of His saints? Do you then, dear reader, love to peruse and carefully study the word of God? Do you often raise your heart and voice in prayer before the throne of grace? Is your seat at Church never vacant, excepting when sickness, or some other unavoidable circumstance, keeps you away? Do you regularly appear at the table of the Lord whenever you have the opportunity of so doing? All these are important questions, and unless you are able sincerely to answer them in the affirmative, you can have no true assurance that you possess the peaceable fruits of righteousness. T.

DR. KRAUTH AT THE LUTHERAN DIET.

In his essay before the late Lutheran Diet, Dr. Krauth re-opened and re-discussed the subject of pulpit and altar fellowship. This affords us an occasion to refer to the general subject, and to our friend's position in regard to it, once more. We do so all the more gladly, because it gives us opportunity to re-state one or two points, in which he thinks we have misrepresented him. In one of the bloodless wars we have had over the subject in private, he has told us that we misrepresented him by saying that in his Theses he quoted the Augsburg Confession in its own favor. He meant to show simply what the Confession did teach; that it supported his views, and that Lutherans, to be consistent, should adhere to its declarations. We gladly give him the benefit of this correction.

Another misstatement was in the announcement of his subject before the Diet. It appears that we somewhere and somehow said it was to be the "Lutheran Church in its relation to *other* denominations." Dr. Krauth does not admit, that the ecclesiastical organization to which he belongs, is a denomination among denominations, as our language implied. It is "the visible Church" outside of which individual members of "the denominations" may be members of the *in*visible Church, not, of course, because they have the truth in its purity, but in *spite* of doctrines differing from the Lutheran. It is but just to Dr. Krauth, to say, that the Church he has in mind is not, as he assures us, the present concrete Lutheran Church, but some ideal of it that is yet to be realized—perhaps not before the millennium. This height, than which there could be none more elevated in his opinion, was however, the point of observation from which the denominations were viewed in his essay.

But it seems to us, that Dr. Krauth tried to support his exclusiveness by one statement which has, to say the least of it, a very doubtful under-pinning of history. He said "Luther saved the Reformation at Marburg"—referring to the reformers refusal to take the hand of his brethren during the celebrated conference held at that place in October, 1629. We do not know that the spirit shown by Luther at the beginning of that conference is greatly admired even by people, who call themselves pretty staunch Lutherans; for the great reformer certainly regretted it himself, and *did* not only give his hand to Zwingli and Œcolampadius and Bucer at last, but also drew up articles of agreement which were signed by all parties. That being the case, all that is built upon this particular statement of Dr. Krauth falls to the ground. We think that the Marburg Conference is the last thing he should appeal to. But even allowing that all the detailed statements in regard to this meeting have been interpolated, the question arises, *From what* did the spirit of exclusiveness which our friend seems so anxious to revive, save the Reformation? It did not prevent the organization of the Reformed Churches, nor did it suppress the Melancthonian tendency in the Lutheran Church itself. The Bible once unchained, and conscience and private judgment left free, they could no more be bound to Martin Luther than to Leo X.

It would have been better, if Dr. Krauth's assertion, in regard to the Swiss Reformer's death, had not been made. In speaking of the end of Luther and that of Zwingli, he made an argument in favor of the former, from the fact that he died a natural death, while the latter, who tried "to propagate his faith by the sword," "perished by the sword," according to the prediction of our Saviour. That assertion not only contains an unwarranted judgment, which makes the death of a great and good man a condign punishment for sin, but it carries with it a wrong statement. One unacquainted with the facts in the case would infer from Dr. Krauth's remarks, that Zwingli was another Mahomet, who sought to make men accept the Koran under the penalty of having their throats cut with a sabre; whereas the war in which the Swiss Reformer lost his life, was not intended to propagate his faith, but to free the people of Zurich from the outrages of the Papal cantons around them. That Zwingli did much to encourage resistance to this oppression is true, but just such action made a hero out of Muhlenberg during our revolutionary struggle. And the provocation to resistance in Switzerland during the 16th century was greater than it was in America during the 18th. There were five cantons into which no Protestant minister could go without arrest, and one was actually burned. When, to punish these acts, the Reformed cantons cut off supplies and the Romanists in turn commenced hostilities, Zwingli was ordered to accompany the army as chaplain, and while stooping down to console a dying soldier, a Waldstetter knocked him senseless with a stone, and his body was afterwards drawn, quartered and then burned as that of a heretic. Taking the political complication of the times and all the circumstances into view, we think men generally will put a more charitable construction upon Ulric Zwingli's end than Dr. Krauth's expression would warrant. It should be remembered too, that the Lutherans did not always confine their opposition to the Reformed faith to words, and that the essayist found it convenient during his remarks to quote the Saviour's saying, "I am not come to send peace, but the sword."

DESERVED COMMENDATION.

We have at different times, referred to the favorable reception, with which Van Horne's Companion of Praise has met in different sections of the Church. It continues to grow in favor, as its merits become known. It was used in connection with a Sunday-school anniversary, held during the late Christmas season, at which we attended. So favorable was the impression made, that some strangers present, referred, in our hearing, with special pleasure to the delightful and appropriate character of the hymns and anthems sung. The superintendent of the school also, in his annual report, in referring to the improvements that had been made in the school, remarked in reference to it:

"We have, among other things, selected what we regard as the most permanently useful and delightful music book, the 'Companion of Praise,' a combination of the best arrangement and collection of popular and undying Sunday-school song, new and old, that can be found in its class of literature. Our scholars are thus taught both tunes and sentiments that will alike prove a help and blessing to them throughout their years." F.

Notes and Quotes.

The January term of Franklin and Marshall College opened last week under favorable auspices. A number of new students were admitted to the college, and two were added to the Seminary. The two new professors, Kieffer and Smyth, now complete the faculty as far as ordered for the year.

Governor Holliday, in his inaugural address at Richmond, Virginia, on the 1st inst., took the manly ground, that a commonwealth, like an individual is bound to pay its honest debts. Such utterances, in high places independent of political bias, help in these times not only to restore public confidence, but to strengthen good morals.

Even the staid Dunkards have been fired with a new missionary zeal. At a general meeting held lately in Myersdale, Pa., they formed a "Church Extension Union," the object of which is to enlarge their denomination by sending out ministers. This is the first organization of the kind they have ever had, and what is more, the secretary is to have a salary, which is an innovation upon their established usage.

"Teachers of young people," says an exchange, "may find food for thought, and a hint for wiser work, in what Rev. Phillips Brooks says of 'preaching over people's heads.' Admitting that there is such a thing, he asserts that 'it is not generally the character of the ammunition, but the *fault of the aim*, that makes the missing shot. There is nothing worse for a preacher than to think that he must preach down to the people; that they cannot take the very best he has to give.'"

Edward Kimball, the church-debt raiser, has not only succeeded in relieving several congregations in New York and New England of great liabilities, but in exciting an enthusiasm on the subject, which has extended beyond the places where he has put forth personal efforts. It is now proposed by an exchange, to have a "general revival" in this regard, and we would not be surprised to see a wave of enthusiasm pass over the country. We would not be sorry to see it strike those of our churches that are embarrassed and wash out all pecuniary obligations.

A question has been raised as to the best manner of retaining the little "bummers" who are lured into Sunday School at Christmas in the hope of getting rewards, and it is suggested that the truth should be made so attractive as to convince the children, that there is something better than sweetmeats. All right; but the attempts to popularize truth in these days often end in substituting chalk-water for the pure milk upon which the babes should be fed. Soothing syrups and laughing gas may have their uses, but when given as regular diet they will destroy all relish for proper food.

From the Lancaster *Daily Intelligencer* of the 31st of December, we learn that the joint committee appointed by the Synod of the United States and the Synod of the Potomac to prepare an edition of the new Hymnal with music, met in that place on the 27th ult., to compare the work done separately by the sub-committees. About half the work assigned to the committee has been finished, and the entire work will be completed by July. The musical notes will be printed on the same page with the hymn which is to be sung to them. The following brethren compose the joint committee: Synod of the United States.—Rev. Dr. F. A. Gast, Rev. W. E. Krebs and Elder E. J. Zahm. Synod of the Potomac.—Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee, of Mercersburg; Prof. J. B. Kerschner, of Mercersburg, and Dr. L. H. Steiner, of Frederick, Md.

For the Messenger.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

It was our intention to have added a few remarks to those of "Catoctin" in last week's paper had time permitted. We regret as much as any one, the isolation of our people from the main body of the Church, and we deplore deeply the want of a "closer sympathy and communion" between our churches North and South.

Perhaps our reception of Father Fritchey was "enthusiastic," and it *ought* to have been so. Grateful children are always enthusiastic on the return of a beloved father after a long absence. But we think our reception of Rev. Steiner in the fall of 1876, and the reception of Rev. Bahner only a few months ago, were not less sincere and cordial. Indeed, we love every minister of the Reformed Church, and we were much disappointed when Rev. Bahner accepted a call to Waynesboro in preference to becoming a member of our Classis.

We need more such visits as these. Our energetic Northern ministers can do much, not only to "strengthen the tie that binds us," and remove "barriers," but they can give us renewed energy, and greater love for the Church at large.

In reading the remarks of "Catoctin" the question naturally arises, "How can we remove the barriers to the growth and influence of our churches in North Carolina and Virginia?" "Catoctin" says "we must occupy the intervening country between the Church in North Carolina and the Church in Virginia and Maryland." But then, we in North Carolina and Virginia are certain that it must be many, many years before this can be done. We are stay-at-home peoples, and our homes are where the homes of our ancestors were. We do not *want* to break up and move into this intervening space. Then, when Northern settlers or foreigners move into the country between North Carolina and Virginia, instead of organizing into congregations for themselves, and securing a Reformed pastor, they quickly unite with some other Christian

Church and are lost to us. The membership of our churches, both in North Carolina and Virginia, increase only in proportion to the population. Parents *die*, and are succeeded in the Church by their children, and of our baptized members we lose but few. But we *proselyte* none, and of the *loose* material we gather almost none, because our Church here is not in a condition to attract outsiders who do not know her history. They want costly churches, a wealthy membership, prosperous Sunday schools, &c., so that while we keep our own sheep, we gather nowhere else. And, indeed, we think that it may be said of the Church in Virginia as well as here, that she has very little loose material to work on. Nearly every family has its distinctive denominational preferences. True, colonies might settle in Southern and Eastern Virginia and Northern and Eastern Carolina, but we believe such colonization societies are not common in the Reformed Church.

How, then, shall we get better acquainted with each other? "We are brethren," and we do not want to "seem like strangers" to the Church North. A Northern minister, after a visit South, spoke after his return home, of the hospitality of our people, adding: "They treated us, as if they thought it *an honor* to have us," and so we *do* think it an honor with *this* qualification, that it is an honor which we *deserve*. As members of the same Church, there should be more such mingling in each other's society, and then we should not feel our isolation. Now, we think, that the only *real* reason *why* there is not more visiting between the churches North and South is on account of the enormous charges on our Southern railroads. Fifty dollars is about what one must calculate on paying for travelling expenses and hotel bills to Philadelphia and back, and this is the principal reason why we are not often represented at Synod, our ministers not being able to bear the expense, nor yet willing to tax the churches for the delegates. On the other hand, delightful as it is to have our Northern ministers visit us; for all that it is a treat which we cannot afford. Our members have an idea, very properly too, that they ought to bear the expense of the brother who visits us, and they have done it cheerfully. But just here we may state, that while our churches are not in debt, they are very needy. There is not a church in our Classis that does not need Sunday-school books, papers, church furniture, or something of that kind. Some of our churches are miserable affairs, not worthy the name, and ought to be either remodeled and repaired, or torn down entirely and others built in their places. These things being true, it sometimes happens that our ministers do not see their way clear to invite the Northern brother who writes: "I will be glad to pay your churches a visit, if they will bear my expenses."

To us, in our isolation, it is a very desirable thing to have the centre of our Reformed Zion moved further South; and perhaps this might soon be accomplished had we more such workers as Rev. F. K. Levan. We would like to hope, that before twenty-five years have passed, we will have a meeting of the District Synod, and even that the General Synod might meet here. We need it. Our members are wanting in Church pride, and devoted as they are to their Church, they feel that they are a mere handful. In the eyes of other denominations who come here from Eastern North Carolina, we are regarded as a new *sect*. Once we had congregations in South Carolina. A few years ago, a gentleman came here from South Carolina, and wrote back to his friends: "I am boarding in a *Reformed* family. This is a denomination I never heard of before, and I doubt whether *any one else ever did*." And this too was an intelligent gentleman, but, of course, he was not well read in Church history. We want other denominations to feel that we are a *large*, respectable, and *intelligent* body, and the members of the General Synod could be well entertained, did not the railroad difficulty exist.

Then there is another reason why we need a closer union. Without necessarily being either Liturgical or *Ultra*, we need to be more *Churchly*. I mean in its Catholic sense. We should not be satisfied because our own congregation is prosperous. We must take more interest in the Church at large. The members of Classis should feel the importance of meeting annually in the Synod, and then the lay members would cheerfully bear their expenses. Said a lady in Pennsylvania to me a few years ago: "Those churches in the West and in North Carolina do not seem to me like Reformed Churches. They seem like another denomination. We don't hold the same doctrine at all." This feeling should not exist. We need to understand each other better. Send us more such ministers on a visit. If you have worn out city pastors, who need vacation and rest, let them bring a few of their old sermons and come to visit *us*. They are as able to bear their expenses to North Carolina as to pay the board at Sea Grove, and we promise them a hearty welcome.

VERITAS.

For The Messenger.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

STERLING, KANSAS, Dec. 17, 1877.

Dear Friends and Readers of the MESSENGER:

If a letter from "Sunny Kansas," by a former Pennsylvanian, about once every year or two is acceptable, please give it space. Our town of Peace, you will have noticed, has been changed to the "City of Sterling." Nearly six years ago we made the first track on the soil here, and built the first house, and now the inhabitants number about 800, and still they come. Seven years ago the population of our county (Rice) was 5; last fall it was 6,250. This will give the people in the East a faint idea of the influx of settlers into the Arkansas Valley.

When we first settled seventy miles east of here, seven years ago, we were on the frontier, and sixty miles in advance of the railroad; but the same year the road was built beyond us, and the following fall we again moved to the frontier (to this place) and in advance of the railroad, but the road again overtook us, when it was extended to the Mountains of Colorado. Emigration came with the extension of the railroad, and now the settlement reaches several hundred miles beyond us. Our railroad (the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe) has a land grant of every alternate section on either side of the road, so that at first the government land only was settled upon, but this last fall the emigration has been so strong, that most of the railroad land has been sold. One of our agents (and we have six) sold over 6,000 acres during the last month.

Those who emigrate here now are generally parties who are possessed of considerable means, and from general appearances, will help to push everything more vigorously than those who preceded them.

Many of the new settlers express themselves so highly pleased with things in general here, that they claim they would never live East among the hills and stones. Our climate is exceedingly fine, and especially so to those who have throat or lung affections. Many have come here who were mere skeletons, and immediately commenced improving. One man of some fifty years turned his face toward Kansas from Iowa, last summer, and when he came here was a mere shadow; was sick the last ten years, so that he was not able to perform any hard work. Now he says, "I am young again. I helped to thrash to-day, and walked over here to your store, a half mile, and I don't feel tired." We could cite more such cases, were it necessary. Our roads are always good—winter and summer alike. We know nothing about freezing or heaving up on our roads or on our wheat fields.

Those who have small means could vastly better their condition over that of Pennsylvania. We think, sometimes, if our old neighbors in Lancaster county would see what is in store out here for the tillers of the soil, they would soon abandon their homesteads and move toward the setting of the sun. Land that sells here at from $5 to $10 per acre can be made to pay for the labor and the land itself by the first wheat crop that is raised on it.

We have six church organizations here, two schools in the city, and throughout the county the school-houses are scattered thick. There are quite a number of families coming out from Moreysville, Berks Co., next spring.

We are no land agents, and have no interest directly in soliciting emigration, but if any desire any information concerning Kansas, we will cheerfully give all that lies in our power We would like some of the old "German Reformed" here to talk to, about the Church, the College, Dr. Nevin and some of the young ministers.

Yours,
A. G. LANDIS.

CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS.

The Winchester, Va., *News*, of the 28th of December, contains a full account of the Christmas festivals held by the Sunday-schools connected with the several churches in the place. Among the rest, that of the Reformed church comes in for its full share of special praise. It is termed a Festival of Song, as music occupied a conspicuous place in the services. The choir and school, by which the music was rendered, are spoken of in the most flattering terms. They are referred to as having acquired a wide reputation for good music and pleasant entertainments. This brought a large audience, notwithstanding the inclement state of the weather on the evening on which it was held. "The music was choice and good, as it always is at the entertainments given by this school. The scholars showed a degree of proficiency in their exercises that reflects much credit on the management of the school."

The Second church at Greensburg, Pa., Rev. J. W. Love pastor, had a delightful Christmas festival. The church was elaborately decorated and festooned with evergreens. The children were treated to confections, and forty dollars were contributed to the cause of the orphans. A very pleasant Christmas festival was also held at New Stanton, in the same county.

An interesting Christmas festival was held in the church at Columbus Junction, Iowa, of which the Rev. G. M. Albright is pastor. The Sunday-school, which contains a large number of scholars, participated in the exercises, and they acquitted themselves well. The usual Christmas tree, richly laden with gifts, was not wanting, and the pastor and wife were also made recipients of special gifts.

At Miamisburg, Ohio, a more than usually merry time was had in connection with the Christmas festival. At the close of the usual services, the doubtful expedient was resorted to of introducing a veritable representation of Santa Claus himself, who of course had to go through such pranks as are associated with the general notions of his peculiar character.

Quite an interesting time was had during the Christmas season at Brandon, Iowa, where Rev. G. H. Albright is pastor of the Reformed Church. Agreeably to a custom which has prevailed for several years, the Reformed and Methodist churches united in celebrating the Christmas festival. This year the services were held in the Methodist church. Two weeks were spent in preparing for the occasion. Instead of the Christmas tree, as usual, a ship, richly freighted with the gifts of the season, was made to occupy its place, from which the children of the schools, and the pastors of the two congregations and their families were supplied. Singing, addresses, &c., made up the exercises of the occasion. The whole closed with singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name" A good impression was made by all that occurred. The funds in the treasury of each school were increased to the amount of $13.06. It may be proper to add, that appropriate religious services were also held in the Reformed church, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

The church at Carlisle, Pa., spent a very pleasant and profitable Christmas season, under the lead of its pastor, the Rev. Dr. A. H. Kremer, whose former relations to the congregation add much to his influence among his people. Services were held in the morning at 6 o'clock, which were largely attended, and also in the evening. The church was appropriately and handsomely decorated for the occasion. All passed off well, and left, it is believed, a happy influence behind.

The churches at Reading, Pa., held their usual Christmas services. The First and Second churches held early services, commencing at 6 o'clock in the morning. Those in St. Paul's and St. John's congregations were held at 10 o'clock, A. M. These services were all largely attended. The Sunday-schools connected with the several churches also held their usual festivals, which proved occasions of much pleasure to all who participated in them.

From the full report contained in the *Daily Examiner and Express*, of Lancaster, Pa., of the 26th of December, we learn, that the churches of that city generally entered into the Christmas festival with more than usual interest. The Reformed churches occupied their usual prominence. Special services were held by the Mission School of St. Stephen's church; by the St. John's (German) church; St. Paul's church, and also by the First church. In connection with the Sunday-school festival of the St. Paul's church, the pastor, the Rev. J. B. Shumaker, was presented with a gold-headed cane. Special prominence is given in the report to the services held in the First church, at present supplied by the Rev. J. H. Dubbs. Special services were held at 6 o'clock in the morning. They were inaugurated about twenty years ago, by the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh, and have continued to be annually observed ever since. The interest in the present instance, according to report, surpassed that of any similar previous occasion. The church was most handsomely decorated. Every available space was occupied by the audience. At least twelve hundred persons are reported to have been present. The service is said to have been most beautifully rendered Want of space prevents us from giving the particulars. Suffice it to say, that it consisted in the singing of hymns and anthems, repetition of the Creed, reading of the Scriptures, and chanting. The poor were appropriately remembered in the festivities of the occasion.

Very interesting Christmas services were held in the churches constituting the charge of which the Rev. J. Kretzing is pastor. In two of them a Christmas tree was erected, with the usual services accompanying them, and in the other, a portion of the services were conducted in the German language, for the benefit of the older members of the congregation.

A worthy elder of the Pine Run charge, Westmoreland county, Pa., of which the Rev. H. Bair is pastor, furnishes us a full account of the Christmas festival, as it was observed in their midst. Our space will not allow us to give in detail a description of the decorations of the church. They were more or less elaborate, and such as at present in many instances distinguish such occasions. Suffice to say, that evergreens, flowers, and appropriate mottoes, all were brought into requisition. The Christmas tree, with its usual accompaniments, was not wanting. Appropriate services were held, and the large audience present was deeply interested. The whole was the result of several weeks' preparation on the part of a committee appointed for the purpose. The Sunday-school, in whose interest more especially the festival was held, numbers one hundred and twenty scholars. The charge itself has prospered during the present pastorate, now of two years' continuance. It has been strengthened by the addition of a considerable number of members, and in other respects gives evidence of increased life and activity.

The congregation and Sunday-school of the church at Lewisburg, Rev. J. Crawford, pastor, celebrated the birth of Christ by appropriate religious services. In connection with these there was a representation of the incidents of His birth by means of toy figures, and also a view of the Holy Land with its mountains and valleys, its rivers, streams, cities, towns, &c. This representation was placed upon a platform measuring 10 by 20 feet. On Christmas evening the church was filled to overflowing. The service was repeated on Wednesday evening for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity to take part. On this occasion also many were unable to gain admittance. On Thursday evening the teachers of the several Sunday-schools of the town met to study the Bible in connection with it. On Sunday evening a lecture was delivered upon the Life and Ministry of Christ, and on Monday evening Rev. Dr. Loomis, President of the Lewisburg University, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture upon "His Experiences and Observations in the Holy Land." These several occasions were largely attended, and the representation was regarded throughout the community as highly instructive and entertaining. Two Christmas trees were laden with gifts for the children, and the Sunday-school remembered the Bethany Orphan Home in a liberal collection

The Christmas festival, as we learn from the *New Holland Clarion*, was properly observed by the church at that place, of which the Rev. D. W. Gerhard is pastor. Religious services were held in the morning in the Heller's church. In the evening the Sunday-school connected with the church in town held special festival services. The Christmas tree, with its usual accompaniments, was on hand. Appropriate mottoes also occupied their place. The exercises, which consisted of singing, addresses, reading of the annual report of the Superintendent, &c., were highly interesting The school has on its roll the names of one hundred and four scholars, and is in a very flourishing condition.

Christmas was appropriately observed by congregation and Sunday school at New Berlin, Pa. Three trees, the pastor informs us, were erected in front of the pulpit, which were richly laden with gifts for the Sunday-school scholars. The exercises consisted of prayer, appropriate music, and a short address by the pastor. The services seemed to be much enjoyed by all who were present.

A correspondent, who spent his Christmas at Harrisburg, Pa., furnishes us an account of the services held in the church of that place, of which the Rev. W. H. H. Snyder is pastor. He speaks of the prosperous condition of the congregation, and of the precious fruits resulting from the present pastorate of more than thirteen years' continuance. The Sunday-school connected with the congregation held festival services on Christmas evening. The large church, which has been recently remodeled and greatly beautified, was very tastefully decorated, and the entire service in beautiful harmony with the great fact it was designed to commemorate. It opened with a brief responsive service, followed by the repetition of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. A number of appropriate hymns and anthems were sung. Recitations were also had in which the scholars participated. At intervals, remarks were made by the pastor, explanatory of scenes and emblematic representations associated with the occasion. Other addresses were also made. A liberal contribution for the benefit of the orphans was also made The whole occasion was one of deep interest and much pleasure to all who were privileged to be present.

The Christmas season was appropriately observed in the Trinity Reformed Church, near Troutville, Pa., of which the Rev. John Wolbach is pastor. Services were held in the German language on Christmas morning, and in the English language in the evening. In these services, the congregation and the Sunday-school united. On both occasions they were mainly liturgical. In the evening the excellent Christmas service of the Church was used. The decorations were extensive and appropriate. Suitable gifts were presented to every child in church, in remembrance of the great gift of gifts from God to man. A collection was taken up in the morning to cover the expenses of the occasion, and in the evening, the Sunday-school made a contribution to the orphans at St. Paul's Orphans' Home, amounting to ten dollars and seventy three cents. As far as can be ascertained, the services left a deep and salutary impression upon all who were present.

The St. Paul's Reformed Church, in Mahanoy city, of which the Rev. H. A. Keyser is pastor, observed the Christmas season in a very appropriate manner. As early as 6 o'clock in the morning, a correspondent informs us, the people were summoned to church by the ringing of the bell. The services were opened with singing by the choir. After prayer, singing of a hymn, and reading of the narrative by the pastor, an English address appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by J. J. Fisher, who was followed in the German language by the pastor of the congregation. The singing was conducted by the choir, without the use of the organ. The occasion was one of great joy, and, we hope, of great profit to all present.

At 10 o'clock services were again held, but exclusively in the German language. A sermon was preached by the pastor, from Matt. ii. 11.

In the evening, the Sunday-school held its usual Christmas festival. The church was handsomely decorated, and quite a number of appropriate emblematic representations were employed. The church on this, as well as on the other two occasions, was crowded to its fullest capacity. Many were obliged to stand in the aisles, and others had to retire for the want of room. After the usual Christmas exercises had been observed, an address in the German language was delivered by J. J. Fisher, at the close of which the gifts were distributed. The church and Sunday-school are both in a prosperous condition. The attendance on the latter and on the services of the former, is good. The average number of scholars in attendance during the year is three hundred and two.

The pastor was also remembered in the distribution of gifts. He received a beautiful gold-headed cane It was gratefully received, though he has not attained that period in life, which makes its use, specially necessary. He has labored eight years successfully amongst this people, and it is hoped he may be spared to labor among them for many years still to come.

F.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

An unusually interesting communion season was lately held in Trinity church, of the Redbank, Clarion county, Pa., charge, of which the Rev. J. B. Thompson is pastor. The services connected with it commenced on the 12th and continued until the evening of the 16th of December. They were usually held twice on each day, and were all well attended, especially those held on the last two days. Forty-six persons were added to the church, forty-two by confirmation, three by renewal of profession and one by certificate. One of the number received adult baptism, and six are heads of families The members thus added now constitute about one-third of the actual communicant membership of the congregation. In addition to the above, fifteen persons were previously added to the other congregations, ten at Shannondale, and five at Temple church, making the additions to the charge during the present pastorate of less than nine months, sixty-one, all of whom except seven, were members of the three catechetical classes organized by the pastor soon after the commencement of his pastorate. The result indicates a promising future for the charge. The post-office address of the pastor is Shannondale, Clarion county, Pa, instead of Crawford county, as erroneously given in the Clerical Register contained in the Almanac.

In connection with the quarterly communion held on the 30th of December, in the church at Fairview, Butler county, Pa., of which the Rev. J. Hannabery is pastor, two persons were received on confession from the Lutheran Church, making nine additions to this congregation during the past year, by confirmation and confession or certificate. The communion services were solemn and interesting, and largely attended. Considering the almost impassable condition of the roads, and the fact that there was service at the same time in three of the other churches in the place, this was more than was expected, and is a source of encouragement to both pastor and people.

An interesting communion season in the English Zion's congregation, of the Henshew charge, Butler county, Pa, Rev. W. B. Sandoe, pastor, was closed on Sunday evening, the 30th of December. The services commenced on the previous Sunday, and continued during Christmas week. Two services were held on each day, German in the morning, and English in the evening. On Thursday catechetical instruction was given to a class of thirty-two members, the parents of the catechumens also being present. On Sunday the communion of the Lord's Supper was administered to an unusually large number of communicants. One person was added to the church on certificate from the United Presbyterian Church. The services were solemn and impressive throughout. The pastor was assisted in them by the Rev. T. F. Stauffer, who preached the communion sermon. He also expreeses himself as under special obligations to members of his charge, for the kind remembrances of himself and family in connection with the festive season.

In connection with the communion held on Christmas in the church at Scottdale, Westmoreland county, Pa., of which the Rev. S. Z. Beam is pastor, one person was added to the church by confirmation, and three infants were baptized. On New Year's eve the pastor was favored with a surprise visit. The pastor of the Methodist church, the Rev. Mr. Thomas, accompanied by a number of members of the Reformed church, and some not members, visited the parsonage, and in a neat little speech presented the pastor with a purse and a quantity of provisions for the use of his family, amounting in value to about thirty dollars. The surprise was a very agreeable one, and the gifts very acceptable, for all of which the pastor is very grateful.

In connection with the Fall communion, held in the Elk Lick, Somerset county, Pa., charge, of which the Rev. C. U. Heilman is pastor, fourteen persons were added to the church, ten by confirmation and four by certificate. The several communions were all well attended. The pastor endeavored to turn them to profitable account by preaching a series of sermons on Heaven. Christmas services were also held in the three churches of the charge, which were enjoyed by all. It was indeed a happy Christmas to them. On New Year's day, the St. Paul's congregation (Wilhelms), as has been its yearly custom, made a donation visit to the parsonage. The number who engaged in it was large, and the contributions were quite liberal. The members of the other portion of the charge, have also not been wanting in tangible tokens of regard for their pastor.

F.

Married.

Recently, by the Rev. M. G. I. Stern, Rev. H. I. Stern, of Louisville, Ky., to Miss Harriet L. Jansen, formerly of Philadelphia, Pa., but lately of Chicago, Ills. The marriage took place at the house of the officiating minister in Indianapolis, Indiana, in the presence of the relatives of the bridegroom.

On the 25th of December, at the Reformed parsonage, Sciota, Pa., by Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Mr. John H. Arnold, to Miss Celia Marsh, both of Saylorsburg, Monroe Co., Pa.

On the 25th of Dec., at the Ref. parsonage, Sciota, Pa., by Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Mr. Warren Nyce, of Knolton, N. J., to Miss Mary E. Keller, of Cherry Valley, Monroe Co., Pa.

On the 1st of January, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Mr. Jerome C. Arnold, to Miss Emma J. Butz, both of Saylorsburg, Monroe Co., Pa.

By Rev. J. W. Alspach, at the parsonage near Millerstown, Butler Co., Pa., December 20th, 1877, Mr. Solomon S. King, to Miss Mary E. Myers, both of Sugar Creek Tp., Armstrong Co., Pa.

On the 19th ult., in the Paradise Ref. church, by the pastor, Rev. J. K. Millet, Mr. J. K. Stahl, of Union Co., to Miss S. E. Hottenstine, of North'd Co., Pa.

On the 20th ult., by the same, Mr. E. O. Cotner, to Miss Carrie Klapp, both of the vicinity of McEwensville, Pa.

On Dec. 27th, 1877, at the residence of the bride's father, J. H. Winings, by the Rev. F. F. Christine, Mr. Joseph M. McElroy, to Miss Ida I. Winings, both of New Jefferson, Harrison Co., Ohio.

On the 18th of Dec., 1877, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. O. E. Lake, Marshal O. Ramsburg, of Lewistown, Frederick Co., Md., to Miss Mary E. Ogle, of near Creagerstown, Frederick Co., Md.

On the 25th of Dec., 1877, at the Glade Reformed parsonage, by the Rev. O. E. Lake, John M. J. Sharer, to Miss Annie E. Barrick, both of Utica, Frederick county, Md.

At Massillon, O., on the 27th of Dec., by Rev. D. Winters, D. D., of Dayton, grandfather of the groom, assisted by Rev. H. Kortheur, D. D., father of the bride, Mr. Edward R. Good, son of Rev. Prof. R. Good, of Tiffin, O., to Miss Malvina C. Kortheur, of Massillon.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Dec. 20th, 1877, by Rev. James Grant, Mr. Aaron C. Schreckengost, to Miss Catharine Hill, all of Cowanshanock Township, Armstrong Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED—On the 3d of December, in Pine township, Clarion county, Pa., Elder Peter Kifer, aged 87 years, 11 months and 11 days.

DIED—On the 6th of December, in the same county, Miles Bento Henry, aged 22 years, 9 months and 13 days.

DIED—Near Sciota, Monroe Co., Pa., Mrs. Mary Werkheiser, wife of John Werkheiser, aged 70 years and 25 days.

Acknowledgments.

HOME MISSIONS.

Rec per Rev H Mosser, Treas Leb Classis, from St John's ch, Leb, for Iowa	$75 00
Ben Society, 1st Ref ch, Reading	36 00
St John's ch, Reading	11 00
Hains' ch, Rev Davis, pastor	6 00
Sinking Sp ch, Rev Davis, pastor	3 00
Rev Dr F W Kremer, Leb, from Rev J A Peters, $14.80; Ursinus Union, $10.20; for use of Rev J G Neff	25 00
Rev C Clever, Treas Lan Clas, from New Prov charge, Zion ch, $9.17; St Paul's ch, $1.23; Bethany charge, $5.00; New Holland charge, Salem S School, $10 21; New Holland S School, $6.82;	32 43
Rev W R Hofford, Allentown, from Jordan U S S, Whitehall, Pa	4 70
W A Wilt, Treas Zion's Clas, from Sulp'r Springs charge, $20 00; Zion's charge, $10 00; Conawago charge, $4.00;	34 00
from Duncannon chge, per pastor Rev U H Heilman	15 80
per Rev Geo W Snyder, from 2d Ref ch, Harrisburg	3 38
Rev H St J Rinker, Treas Va Classis	111 00
Rev S R Fisher, from Miss Susan Dieffenbacher, Edwardsburg, Mich	$5 00
	$361 51

WM. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Recd from Philip Bausman, Lancaster	$5 00
1st Ref ch, Reading, Rev H Mosser	36 00
Ref Thanksgiving service, (Union) Reading	16 01
Ladies of 1st Ref ch, Easton, Pa, box clothing	130 00
1st Ref ch, Easton, per S Rader	92 57
Joseph Young, Esq, Allentown	50 00
Infant Sunday-school 1st Ref ch, Easton	35 00
Main Sunday-school " "	20 50
Aid Society St John's Ref ch, Allentown, Rev S G Wagner	32 00
Mrs S P Wagner, Lebanon	3 00
Elder J J Hoffman, Bethlehem, Bbl cakes, &c, no est sent	
Children of Bloomsburg S Sch, Rev G D Gurley, 1 box grains, &c, no est sent	
First Ref ch, Reading, 1 box cakes, &c, no est sent	
Stony Creek Mills, 1 piece Jean	13 20
St Paul's Memorial ch, Reading, 1 Bbl cakes, &c, no est sent	
St John's Ref cong, Allentown, Rev S G Wagner, 1 box cakes, &c, no est sent	
Master Willie Lentz, (savings) do do Allentown	2 50
Mite Society of St Matthew's Ref cong Centre Co, per A Fetter, 1 bbl apples, $4.00; 1 box cakes, $4.00; 1 B 1 flour, $7.50;	15 50
Jacob Bausman, Lancaster	10 00
A friend, member of St Paul's Memorial ch, Reading	10 00
A friend, " " " "	25 00
Sassaman's cong, Boyertown charge, Rev L J Mayer	6 35
Sassaman's cong, 2 boxes provisions	47 95
St Paul's Mission Sunday-school, Reading, W R Yeich, Supt	3 39
	$561 93

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Rec per Rev S R Fisher, from little Friends at Clearville, Pa	$1 60
do from Christ Reformed Sunday-school, Philadelphia, J David Miller, Superintendent, Christmas collection	11 74
	$12 74

W. D. GROSS, Treas.

ORPHAN HOME, BUTLER, PA.

From sale of church property, at Hartstown, per C M Boush, Esq	$51 00
St Paul's Ref S S Meadville, Pa, Thanksgiving col, per C M Boush, Esq	12 10
John Lutz, New York, per Rev J F Busche	10 60
Henry Berge, " " " "	5 00
Zion's Evg Ref cong, Buffalo, per J B Knicst	7 00
Rimersburg S S, Christmas col, per Rev J J Pennepacker	9 26
Mt Zion Mission S S, " " "	2 34
Christmas col, Myersdale, per Rev L D Stickel	5 20
	$101 90

B. WOLFF, JR., Treasurer,
Craig St., Pittsburg.

Youth's Department.

THE BOOK OF THE NEW YEAR.

The Book of the New Year is opened,
Its pages are spotless and new,
And so, as each leaflet is turning,
Dear children, beware what you do!

Let never a thought be cherished,
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile,
And see that your faces are windows,
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garment
Of honor, and beauty, and truth,
Which will still with a glory enfold you,
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now with the new book, endeavor
To write its white pages with care;
Each day is a leaflet, remember,
To be written with watching and prayer.

And if on a page you discover
At evening a blot or a scrawl,
Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour
In mercy, to cover it all.

So when the strange book shall be finished
And clasped by the angel in light,
You may feel, though the work be imperfect,
You have tried to please God in the right.

And think how the years are a stairway
On which you must climb to the skies;
And strive that your standing be higher
As each one away from you flies.

S. S. Herald.

THE STORY OF A STAR.

One beautiful night—a great many years ago, there was a great commotion among the twinkling orbs, and suns, planets, moons, asteroids, and even the short-lived meteors were in a state of great excitement; while the stray comets that straggled into the universe shared in the agitation.

What do you think it was all about?

It had been rumored through space, that there was to be a great occasion—such as had never been known before, and that the Creator would employ a star to introduce it. But none of the heavenly orbs knew the nature of the occasion; and no one could imagine which should be the lucky star to usher it in. They could only wonder and guess.

So they did wonder and guess, very much as little people now-a-days wonder and guess, particularly about Christmas time; just as you are wondering now.

"I wonder who it will be," they said. "Maybe I'll be the lucky star," and so on. Great Sirius spoke his mind first. He was sure the Creator would choose him; for he was the biggest and brightest of all the stars; and of course expected to monopolize the honors. "If he was not chosen"—he began; but he did not finish the sentence; only he grew very red in the face for a few minutes, and blazed up, bigger and brighter than before.

The little Pleiades nestled closer together more lovingly than ever, and said very quietly—they were so little it would not be they, unless God wanted a little star to fill some little place for a little while. But old Jupiter thundered across the darkness, that it would not be any of the fixed stars, he knew. It would be some active, lively *planet*, and as he was the biggest of the planets, he came to the conclusion that it would be he.

And so they disputed and guessed; and (I am afraid) came very near quarreling, and tangling up all of their orbits, and throwing some of the little stars out of the sky forever. One big comet protested he would be the one because of his beautiful long train; and the moon plead her round fair face; and one huge meteor was prepared to dash across the sky and frighten all the people into the ague—so sure was he of being appointed.

But what do you think? The lucky star was not any of them.

I suppose that for much the same reason that a bride must have a new dress, which has never been worn before, for her wedding day, so the Creator made a new star for this occasion.

And so, just as a little infant soul came down from Heaven and entered a little baby's body, somewhere way over the sea, the angels hung out a beautiful star that had never shined before, and chanted a beautiful song that had never been sung before. And some men heard the song; and some other men saw the star; and all of them knew just what it meant. Do you?

So they came to a little city, and went into a stable, and there they found the baby whose birth the star was made to celebrate. And they thought "Surely God would not make a star for the birth of a common mortal. Surely angels would not sing for an infant that was merely human," and they fell down before the baby and worshiped him.

And then the star went out. The other suns, and moons, and planets, and comets still shone on; but the star that shone for the Saviour's birth had done all its work; and the angels took it back to its Creator again.

But this is not the whole story of the star. For the star in the sky only stood for the star in the Heaven of our Faith and Hope, and *that* star is the babe in the manger. Long before He was born it was foretold that He should be the true star; for it was said of Him: "There shall come forth a *Star* out of Jacob." (Numbers xxiv. 17.) And after He had lived, died, and risen again, He said of Himself: "I am the bright and morning star." (Rev. xxii. 16.)

This is the star, dear children, which you are to follow—as the wise men, until, as Peter says, "The day dawn and the day-star arise in your hearts." (2 Peter i. 10.) Then the beautiful promise of Daniel will be yours: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever," (Dan. xii. 3); and Jesus will reward you according to His word: to each that overcometh "I will give him the morning star." (Rev. ii. 28.)—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

HOW GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A nut once saved the life of a German count.

A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hid in his castle through the day.

Before going to bed he drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor, which he did not notice.

That night the murderer entered the bed-room, but stepped on the nut, which in breaking cracked loud enough to waken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident? In God's providence, the man might have stepped just beside the nut; or the count might have picked it up; or he might not have let it fall; or one of a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.

THE PANAMA WHARF.

Charlie and Lucy were sitting one evening on their Uncle George's knee.

"Uncle," said Lucy, who was a dear child, "what did the minister mean this afternoon at Church when he said that 'the man who despises small things shall fall by little and little?'"

"Well, Lucy, my dear," replied Uncle George, "I think that you will understand me better if I tell you a story.

"Many years ago I was visiting at Panama. This is a place which you will find on your map, south of the United States and Mexico.

"I remained here for many months. Near my hotel was a very large wharf. Year after year the ships had come up to it, and had unloaded their cargoes. It was built at very great expense, and every person thought it entirely safe. Merchants often permitted thousands of dollars' worth of goods to remain on it over night. It was the custom of the wharf superintendent to examine it every month. Now, while I was there, the report was spread that some little insects were eating away the wood. He looked at the place, but said it was of no consequence—that there were only a few insects that could do no great harm. Month after month passed, and still these little creatures ate away at the wharf. They did not seem to be numerous, and but little attention was paid to them.

"One day, as I was looking out of my window, I heard a dreadful crash, and, behold, the whole immense wharf had sunk into the sea. Sixty or seventy persons were killed and an immense amount of property was destroyed—all by the work of tiny insects. Afterward it was found that they had been eating for years at the wood. Had they been stopped at once, no harm could have come; but the superintendent thought them too small to notice, he despised them because they were so small.

"Children," said Uncle George, "be careful of little things. Whenever you discover a bad little habit, kill it at once. If you don't, it may kill you. Ask God, for Jesus' sake, to help you, and He will; for He has promised to hear those who ask Him."—*S. S. Visitor.*

THE DAYS BEFORE TEAPOTS.

Two centuries ago tea was unknown to our ancestors. It is difficult to think of the breakfast tables of those days, with the nut-brown ale as the only beverage. People would breakfast at six or seven in the morning, dine at twelve, and sit down to a dissipated supper—say at half-past five. In China, India, Arabia, Tartary, Persia and other barbarous countries, the inhabitants were sipping tea out of little blue and white cups that would fetch their weight in gold now, while our civilized progenitors drank beer out of pewter. It seems so strange, but yet it is true. The Dutch were the first to bring the little leaf to Europe. They were the great merchants of those days, and were always introducing from the East new sources of commerce. But tea was to come to Europe as a drug before it became popular as a drink. In 1641 a Dutch doctor, by name Tulpius, wrote the praises of the new medicine, and twenty years afterward tea had passed from the apothecary's drawers to the round tables of the restaurant. Then an English peer took it up. It is recorded of Lord Arlington that he was the first to bring tea into England. What a luxury it was may very easily be guessed; and the price was almost prohibitory. The East India Company got the monopoly of the tea-trade between China and England, and on that occasion it presented the King with a truly royal gift. The gift was two ounces of tea but then the price was a guinea an ounce.

THINNE THAN GOLD-LEAF.

It has been recently stated, on apparently good authority, that films of gold can be produced, by means of a galvanic battery, so thin that one grain of it would cover four square feet. This would be but one ten-thousandth of the thickness of ordinary writing-paper; and 2,798,000 of such films would make only one inch in thickness. Though the human mind cannot appreciate the full meaning of the foregoing figures, it is a fact that the arguments—so-called—which are from time to time advanced in favor of gold *and against silver*, as money, are found to be, on a casual examination, thinner than even the thinnest leaf of gold. It is said that the thinnest gold leaf is transparent and gives a green color to transmitted light—than which no color could be more appropriate, inasmuch as those who appear to worship *gold* are either decidedly green or exceedingly knavish.

A CURIOUS BIRD'S NEST.

There is a bird in New Guinea called the megapodius, which in the size of its eggs and its manner of hatching them must be considered extraordinary. It is not larger than one of our ordinary fowls, but its eggs are three inches long by two and a half in diameter. It does not attempt to set on them. A colony of birds lay their eggs together in a large mound, in the hottest part of the year, from September to March, and leave them to be hatched by the sun. The mound is made of sand, loose earth, and sticks and leaves, which latter, by their decay, increase the heat. The mounds are wonderfully large, being ten feet high and about six feet in circumference at the base. The young birds come out at a hole in the top. The mother bird waits on the trees around till their chicks are hatched, and then leads off her own brood. How each knows its own is a mystery. The eggs are relished by the natives, but not at all by the Europeans. A native of Cape York ventured one day, into a nest of eggs, and while he was exploring the hidden riches of the large mound, the upper part fell in and he was smothered. He was afterwards found in the very act of digging—buried alive in a bird's nest.

THE EVENING STORY.

"No, we are not sleepy, mother,
See how wide awake we seem;
Tell us something sweet to think of,
Tell us something sweet to dream.

"Tell the very sweetest story
That you ever heard or read,
And you'll see that we'll remember
Every single word you've said."

Then I told them of a midnight
In the very long ago,
When the sky was full of angels,
And from every shining row,

In a voice of heavenly music,
Came a loving message, given
For the sake of one sweet baby
That had come that night from heaven.

"Now please tell us just another,
Tell the saddest one you know,"
And I told of one who suffered
As He wandered to and fro,

Doing good to all around Him,
Without fear, or sin, or pride;
Blessing those who most ill-used Him,
For whose sake at last He died.

"Now, please, just one more, dear mother,
Tell us now the strangest one,"
So I told them of a journey
On the mountain-top begun;

Through the azure, in a body,
Just as here on earth He trod,
Up through shining ranks of angels
To the very throne of God.

Four blue eyes and two sweet voices
Waited till my tale was done,
Then they cried, "Why that was Jesus;
These three stories are but one!"

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house on Pearl street were particularly intimate; so much so that although they boarded in different houses yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker-on at so much waste of time, and resolved that while his friend was being the tutor of Grotto he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend he commenced his studies, and being diligent fast acquired a knowledge of the language. He also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word.

At length Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.

The owner of Grotto was a little the senior of the other in the store, and of course ranked over him in promotions. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and looking very much downcast approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this Summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me provided I could speak French: but as 'OUI' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this child. What a fool I was for not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why, yours, of course. They will put the question around, out of politeness; and as none of us can PARLEY VOUS, why somebody will be engaged, and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly smiled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you would have the situation, if you could only speak French; but as you cannot we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry! Great pity!" etc.

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped; and there is no time, I suppose, to study now; so I must do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat? and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up in double-quick time for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer.

Tom now returned to his friend, who met him with a right good "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, Tom, no use; I told you so."

"Ah," replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so! But, Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching Grotto."

A new light flashed across the vision of Grotto's master.

"What!" said he, "whilst I was fooling over that dog, were you studying?"

"Just so; and you now know with what success our time has been rewarded."

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man was on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst by throwing away time, another, equal in abilities, was doomed to drudgery and clerkship all his days.—*Pres. Banner.*

Pleasantries.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man wat knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittels on his clothes."

The newest style of bonnet is graphically described as a cross between a locomotive smoke-stack and a custard pie.

An inebriate recently fell and struck his nose against a barber's pole. On being raised from the ground, he asked: "What's zat woman wi' striped stockings on got agin me?"

It must have taken a great many years and a rather ingenious brain to have constructed a sewing machine drawer in such a way that nobody but a woman can draw it out without having it slip through the fingers and strew the floor with bits of steel, thread, hooks and eyes, needles and pins.—*Danbury News.*

A neighbor informed me that he knew an Irishman who engaged a physician to doctor his wife for a certain fee, kill or cure. After a time his wife died, and the doctor called for his fee. Said the bereaved husband: "You didn't cure my wife, did you?" The doctor said, "No." "Did you kill her?" The doctor was silent, and lost his fee.

A SCHOOL-BOY ON WOODCHUCKS. Woodchucks is a very curious animal. It is made of hair and eyes and has two front teeth, and can see a man with a gun when the eyes are shut and bolted. I have seen a dog shake a woodchuck till both were black in the face. A woodchuck can snivel up his nose and show his teeth and look as homely as I can without trying. They sit on one end and eat with the other. A woodchuck can get home faster than a gun can shoot. He is round all over, except his feet which are black. When eaten they retain the flavor of their nests, and seemed to have been cooked without being pared. A fat woodchuck when eat properly, is no laughin' matter. They come under the head of "domestic animals," and think there ain't no place like home when a dog goes for one of 'em.—*Albany Journal.*

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

"In that same night was Belshazzar the king slain"—so briefly and terribly is the narrative cut short in the Book of Daniel. But from the contemporary authorities, or those of the next century, we are able to fill up some of the details as they were anticipated or seen at the time. It may be that, as according to Berosus, the end was not without a struggle, and that one or other of the kings who ruled over Babylon was killed in a hard-won fight without the walls. But the larger part of the accounts are steady to the suddenness and completeness of the shock, and all combine in assigning an important part to the great river, which, as it had been the pride of Babylon, now proved its destruction. The stratagems by which the water was diverted, first in the Gyndes and then in the Euphrates, are given partly by Herodotus and partly by Xenophon. It is their effect alone which need here be described. "A way was made in the sea"—that sea-like lake—"and a path in the mighty waters." "Chariot and horse, army and power" are, as in the battle of the Milvian bridge, lost in the dark stream to rise up no more, extinguished like a torch plunged in the waters. The hundred gates, all of bronze, along the vast circuit of the walls, the folding-doors, the two-leaved gates which so carefully guarded the approaches of the Euphrates, opened as by magic for the conqueror; "her waves roared like great waters, the thunder of their voice was uttered." The inhabitants were caught in the midst of their orgies. The Hebrew seer trembled as he saw the revellers unconscious of their impending doom, like the Persian seer for his own countrymen before the battle of Platæ. But it was too late. "Her princes, and her wise men, and her captains, and her rulers, and her mighty men were cast into a perpetual sleep," from which they never woke. They succumbed without a struggle, they forbore to fight. They remained in the fastnesses of their towering houses; their might failed; they became as women, they were hewn down like the flocks of lambs, of sheep, of goats, in the shambles or at the altar. To and fro, in the panic of that night, the messengers encountered each other with the news that the city was taken at one end, before the other end knew. The bars were broken, the passages were stopped, the tall houses were in flames, the fountains were dried up by the heat of the conflagration. The conquerors, chiefly the fiercer mountaineers from the Median mountains, dashed through the terrified city like wild beasts. They seemed to scent out blood for its own sake; they cared not for the splendid metals that lay in the Babylonian treasure-houses; they hunted down the fugitives as if they were chasing deer or catching runaway sheep. With their huge bows they cut in pieces the young men whom they encountered; they literally fulfilled the savage wish of the Israelite captives, by seizing the infant children and hurling them against the ground, till they were torn limb from limb in the terrible havoc. A celestial sword flashes a first, a second, a third, a fourth, and yet again a fifth time, at each successive blow sweeping away the chiefs of the State, the idle boasters, the chariots, the treasures, the waters. The Hammer of the Nations struck again and again, as on the resounding anvil—and with repeated blows beat down the shepherd as he drove his flock through the wide pasture of the cultivated spaces, the husbandman as he tilled the rich fields within the walls with his yoke of oxen—no less than the lordly prince or chief. The houses were shattered; the walls with their broad walks on their tops, the gateways mounting up like towers, were in flames.

And yet more significant even than the fall of the monarchy and the ruin of the city was the overthrow of the old religion of the Chaldæan world by the zeal of the Persian monotheists. The huge golden statue of Bel, the Sun-God—from which Babylon itself, "the gate of Bel," derived its name—on the summit of his lofty temple; Nebo, the Thoth, the Hermes, the God of the Chaldæan learning, to whom at least three of the Babylonian kings were consecrated by name, in his sanctuary at Borsippa, of which the ruins still remain; Merodach, the tutelary god of the city, the favorite deity of Nebuchadnezzar, "the eldest, the most ancient" of the divinities—trembled, as the Israelites believed, from head to foot, as the great Iconoclast approached. "Bel bowed down and Nebo stooped, Merodach is broken in pieces." The High Priest might stand out long against the conquerors, and defend the venerated images at the cost of his life; they could not resist the destroyer's shock; their vast size did but increase the horror, it may be said the grotesqueness of their fall; the beasts of burden on which the broken fragments would have to be piled groaned under the expectation of the weight; the wagons which bore them away creaked under the prospect of the unwieldy freight. With the fall of these greater divinities, the lesser fell also. In the more cynical form of the later traditions the frauds of the selfish priesthood were exposed; the monster shapes of the old worship were burst asunder by the sagacity of the Jewish captive and the special favor of the Persian king. But in the ancient contemporary witnesses there is no such littleness mixed with the proud exultation, which tells only how in the same general run all the sculptured figures came clattering down, and were broken to fragments. And where was the King? The Chaldæan records describe how the Prince who had taken refuge at Borsippa was carried off captive to the mountains of Caramania. But the Jewish records know of nothing but the king who "in that same night" was slain.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away.
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud, his robe of state;
His canopy the stone.
The Mede is at his gate,
The Persian on his throne!"

—*Dean Stanley's Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church.*

THE CENTRAL CROSS.

I believe that this world is just as bewildering a maze, looked at from every point except one. I look back upon the records of history; I look upon the speculations of science; I endeavor to gaze into the future of this world's career; wherever I turn I am opposed by the mysteries that hem in and crush me down, until I take my stand at the foot of the cross. Then darkness and discord become light and harmony; the mystery is solved; the night that shut me in becomes radiant with the divine light and glory. At the foot of the cross, art, science literature, and history become at once a divine, a glorious, and a blessed thing. And so I claim for my Lord His rightful dominion over all the works of His hand! We will gather all the beauties of art, and all the treasures of music, all that is brightest and best in this world, and will lay them down at His feet, for "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive might, and majesty, and riches, and power, and honor, and glory." His is the scepter, His is the right, His this universal world.—*Dr. Manning.*

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UP TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Harrisburg....	8:00	1:35	4:30	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	5:30	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:05	6:55	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:10	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:20	6:00	P M.	
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:35		3:05
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:55
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	5:06
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:30
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:30
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

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General News.

HOME.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met on the 18th inst. Governor Hartranft's annual message is an able State paper in which he dwells at length upon the late strikes.

The inauguration of Governor Holliday at Richmond last week, was marked by an unusual military and civic demonstrations said to be not simply in honor to the man, but to the Valley of Virginia from which he comes.

St Louis, January 6.—A special from the West says a bloody fight took place some days ago on the south side of Red River, in the Panhandle of Texas, between hunting parties of Cheyenne, Pawnee and Arrapahoe Indians. Thirty Cheynennes and twelve Pawnees are said to have been killed. The loss of the Arrapahoes is not stated. The cause of the fight was trespass by the Pawnees on the hunting ground of the Cheyennes.

Norfolk, Va., January 5.—Four vessels cleared to-day for Liverpool loaded with cotton amounting to 25,000 bales, valued at $1,500,000, the largest shipment ever made in one day from any Southern port. The ship Baring Brothers, Captain Thorndyke, takes out 7,860 bales of cotton, the largest cargo ever shipped from this or any other Southern port.

FOREIGN.

A dispatch dated London, January 6th, reports Victor Emanuel very ill with pleurisy. A fatal termination is apprehended.

The latest advices from the East show, that the war will soon come to a close, unless there should be some new complications growing out of the hand the other powers of Europe may wish to have in the final settlement of affairs. The city of Sophia is defenceless, and there is scarcely anything but the weather to prevent the Russian forces from advancing to Adrianople. The Turks seem to be driven to the greater extremes, and will soon be compelled to submit to the conditions of the Czar which will be: The freedom of the Straits to all naval vessels; the cession of all Armenia; independence of Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, and Bulgaria; annexations to Austria, Greece, etc.

The *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, a semi-official organ, says:

Russia, could not, in the interests of peace itself, do otherwise than refuse all intervention, and make it clearly understood that peace must be discussed between the belligerents. Any injury by the Russians to the Suez Canal is quite out of the question, and if peace negotiations were opened now Russian occupation of Constantinople would be equally out of the question. If there are any other points upon which British interests might be affected, they must be of minor importance, and a frank and loyal explanation between the Russian and British Governments would lead to an understanding on the subject without interrupting negotiations.

LETTER LIST.

Ayer & Son, N W, (4), Askey, J T, Alspach, Rev J W, Albert, W T, Albright, Rev D B, Apple, Rev J H.

Balmer, D W, Bartholomew, Rev A B, Bauman, Rev F C, Baker, W A, Bridenbaugh, Rev S R, Burgamen, Chr, Bausman, Rev Dr B, Butz, S E, Boush, Esq, C M, Brown, Rev I G, Beam, Rev S Z.

Cort, J C, Cushwa, D, Crawford, Rev J, (2), Cook, L B. Clouser, Rev W W.

Diehl, Joanna, Dieffenbacher, Rev D S, Douglas, A M, Derr, Rev J H, Dieffenbacher, Rev C R, Dickenshied, Dr J H, Dietz, Rev T R, Davis, Mrs Eliza, Diechman, W W, Deeb, S N, Dieffenbacher, Susan.

Edinger, A J, Erb, Rev E.

Fox, Rev F, (2), Fritch, Rev M L, Ford, W H, Fahnestock, B A.

Gutelius, Sarah, Griffith, G S, Grant, Rev J, Gush, A J, Gross, D W, Gring, Rev W A.

Hoffheins, Rev J A, Hiester, Rev Dr J E, (2), Heyser, Wm, Haas, Rev W A, Helt, Henry, Heilman, Rev U H, (2), Houtz, Rev A, Herr, H H, Hyde, Jona, Hoenstein, J, Hartzell, Rev G P, (2), Heller, L S, Hemenway, F D, Hibschman, Rev H W, Hottel, M, Hannabery, Rev J, Huber, Rev T A, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, Heilman, Jacob, Heisler, Rev D Y.

Johnston, Rev Dr T S, Joder, R J, Johnson, Rev J O.

King, Rev H, Kemp, Harry, Kline, Rev A K Kremer, Rev Dr A H, Kretzing, Rev J, King, Mrs S.

Laubach, Hon J, Love, Rev J W, Landis, Rev W M, (2), Leonard, G J, Leinbach, Rev S A, Lemberger, J L, Leiby, E B, Lackins, J W, Lady, Rev D B, Leisenring & Trexel, Long, Henry.

Messinger, J S, Minhart, P. McCaughey, Rev W, Mickley, Rev J, Millet, Rev J K, Mohr, Rev F J, Middlehauff, C, Miller, D, (2), Morgan, G F, Miller, Rev Dr, Montgomery, D, McConnel, Rev J.

Novinger, Rev J A, Nagle, J C, Neff, H, Newcomer, G.

Oster, Maria, Oster, Mrs Mary.

Peter, M C, Peters, Rev J A, Pontious, Rev J W, (2), Palmer, W P, Pennepacker, Rev J J.

Royer, S, Rauch, W H, Rinker, Rev H St J, Rader, S, Reichard, C R, Reiter, Rev C H, Rupp, Rev W, Reed, J P, Rosutenik, Rev Dr J H, Roudenbach, M.

Schuck, G D, Schall, W, Snyder, Rev W H H, (2), Stein, Jos, Siegfried, L, Shaw, Rev S, Stouffer, P F, Shade, Rev J S, Schuck, J, Stover, H, Snyder, H, Scheffy, A, Sherwood, J M. Samsel, E J, Shannon, B F, Scheffy, A M, Sandoe, Rev W B, Stepler, Rev J H, Skinner, Rev J R, Schenck, J G.

Thomas, C A, Trone, S E, Thompson, Rev J B.

Van Horne, V P, Vogt, H W, Vogt, Rev J.

Whitmore, Rev A J, Welker, Rev Dr G W, Whitmer, Rev A C, Witmeyer, D P, (2), Will, Aaron, Wigle, F, Walter & Deininger, (2), Welbach, Rev J, Wissler, Rev H, Winters, Rev Dr D, Wieand, C S, Wire, S W, Walton, D.

Youndt, N, Yearick, Rev Z A, (2), Yearick, Rev W R, Yingst, F W.

Zendt, M D, Zehring, Rev J D.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Jan. 5th, 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

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	" Extra Family	6.25@6.50
	" Fancy	7.75@8.75
	Rye	3.90@4.00
	Corn meal	3.10@3.20
	Buckwheat meal	2.75@2.80
Grain.	Wheat, White	1.45@1.46
	" Red	1.40@1.42
	Rye	68@73
	Corn, Yellow	56@58
	" White	53@56
	Oats	36@38
	Barley	85@1.00
Groceries.	Sugar, Cuba	7⅞@7⅞
	" Refined cut loaf	10¼@10½
	" " crushed	10@10⅛
	" " powdered	9⅞@10
	" " granulated	9⅞@9⅞
	" A	9⅜@10
	Coffee, Rio gold	15½@19½
	" Maracaibo gold	18@18½
	" Laguayra gold	16½@18½
	" Java gold	21½@23½
Provisions.	Mess Pork	13 00@13.25
	Dried Beef	13@14
	Sugar cured Hams	10½@11
	Lard	7½@8
	Butter, Roll extra	22@23
	Butter, Roll Common	18@19
	Prints, extra	30@33
	" " Common	26@29
	" Grease	8@8½
	Eggs	24@25
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	Timothy	1.45@1.48
	Flax	1.50@1.52
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	Blue	2.57@3.00

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